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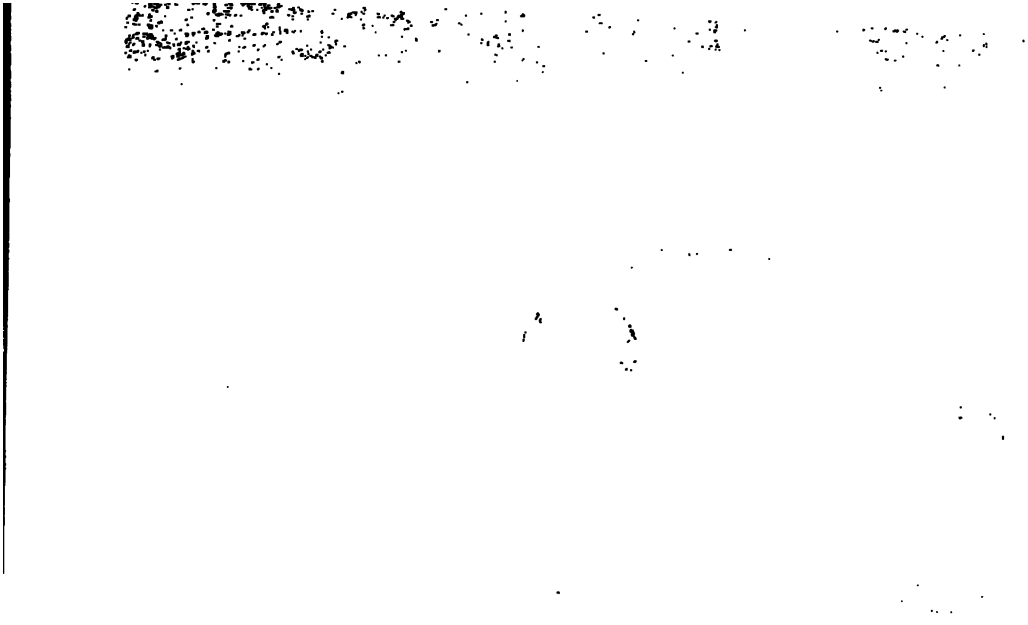
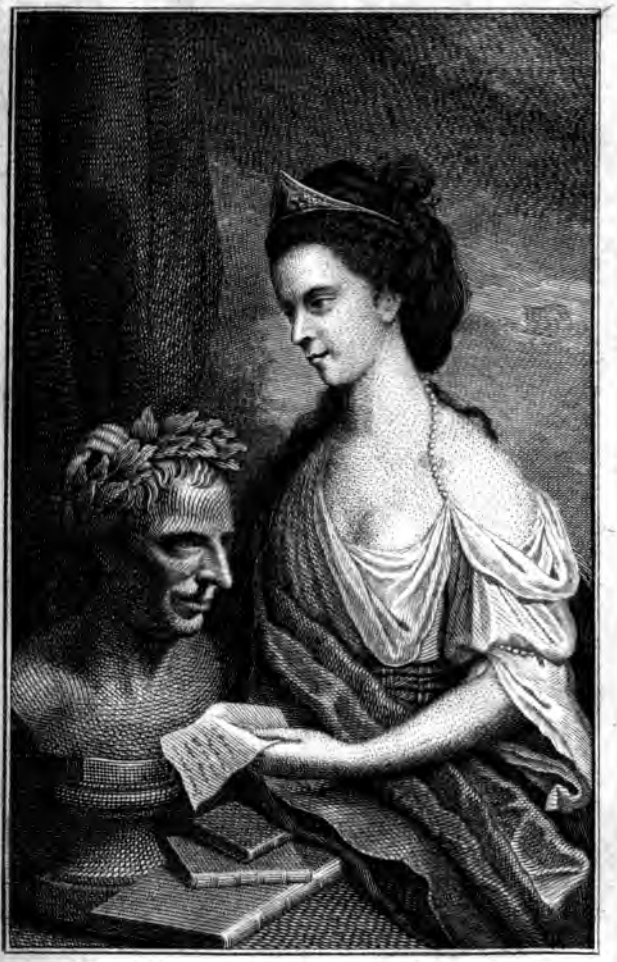
Dr. Chs Lavater
October. 1824





LYDIA STERNE DE MEDALLE.

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

Rev. Mr. LAURENCE STERNE,

To his moſt intimate FRIENDS.

WITH A

FRAGMENT in the Manner of *Rabelais.*

To which are prefix'd,

Memoirs of his Life and Family

Written by HIMSELF

And publiſhed by his Daughter, Mrs. MEDALLE,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ALTENBURGH:
Printed for RICHTER.
1776.

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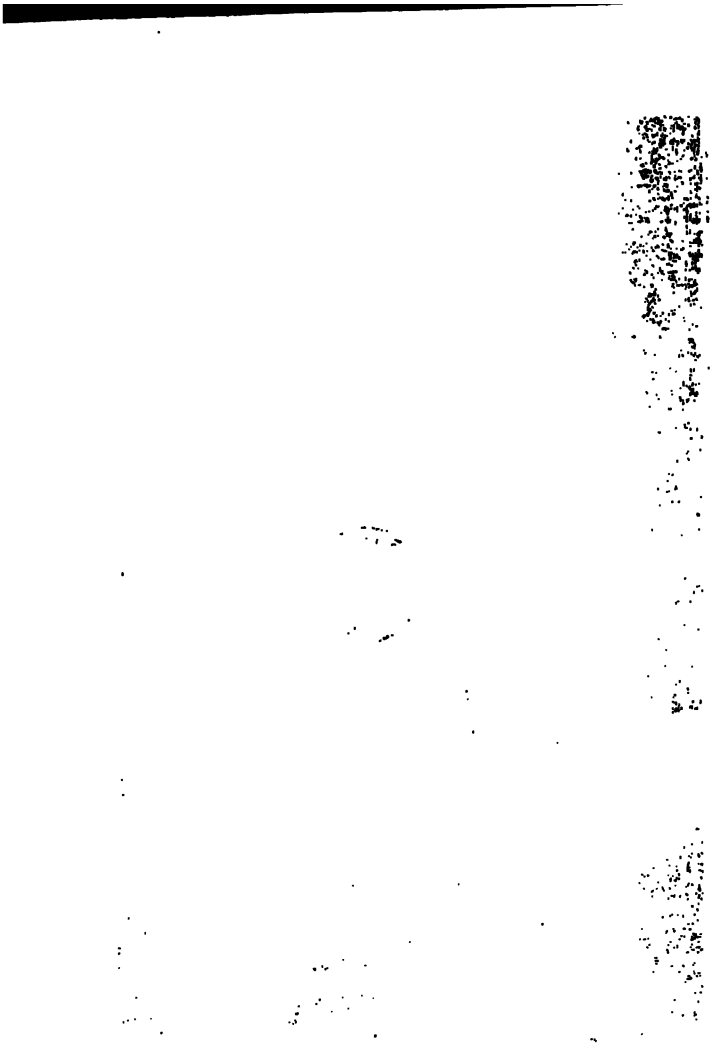


MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND FAMILY

OF THE LATE

Rev. Mr. LAURENCE STERNE.

ROGER STERNE, grandſon to Archbiſhop Sterne, Lieutenant in Handaſide's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family: her family name was, I believe, Nuttle——though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted ſutler in Flanders, in Queen Ann's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter, N. B. he was in debt to him, which was in September 25, 1711, Old Stile.—This Nuttle had a ſon by my grandmother—a fine perſon of a man but a graceleſs whelp—what became of him I know not.—The family, if any left, live now at Clonmel in the ſouth of Ireland,

at

at which town I was born November 24th, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers broke, and ſent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary; ſhe was born in Liſle in French Flanders, July the tenth, one thouſand ſeven hundred and twelve, New Stile.—This child was moſt unfortunate—ſhe married one Weemans in Dublin—who uſed her moſt unmercifully—ſpent his ſubſtance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor ſiſter to ſhift for herſelf,—which ſhe was able to do but for a few months, for ſhe went to a friend's houſe in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a moſt beautiful woman—of a fine figure, and deſerved a better fate.——The regiment, in which my father ſerved, being broke, he left Ireland as ſoon as I was able to be carried, with the reſt of his family, and came to the family ſeat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jaques, and an heireſs. There we ſojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was eſtabliſhed, and our houſhold decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin—within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to

Exeter,

Exeter, where, in a ſad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. Melancholy deſcription of this journey not neceſſary to be tranſmitted here. In twelve months we were all ſent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us, for ſhe laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram, took ſhip at Briſtol, for Ireland, and had a narrow eſcape from being caſt away by a leak ſpringing up in the veſſel.—At length, after many perils, and ſtruggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large houſe, furniſhed it, and in a year and a half's time ſpent a great deal of money.——In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and nineteen, all unhing'd again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Iſle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and was driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Briſtol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Iſle of Wight—where I remember we ſtayed encamped ſome time before the embarkation of the troops—in this expedition from Briſtol to Hampſhire we loſt poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the ſmall-pox, my mother, ſiſter, and myſelf, remained at the Iſle of Wight during the Vigo Expedition, and until the regiment had

had got back to Wicklow in Ireland, from whence my father ſent for us.—We had poor Joram's loſs ſupplied during our ſtay in the Iſle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thouſand ſeven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty bloſſom fell at the age of three years, in the Barracks of Dublin—ſhe was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to laſt long, as were moſt of my father's babes.—We embarked for Dublin, and had all been caſt away by a moſt violent ſtorm; but through the interceſſions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we ſtayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for ſome weeks given us over for loſt.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow, one year, one thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty, when Devijeher, ſo called after Colonel Devijeher, was born; from thence we decamped to ſtay half a year with Mr. Fetherſton, a clergyman, about ſeven miles from Wicklow, who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parſonage at Animo.—It was in this pariſh, during our ſtay, that I had that wonderful eſcape in falling through a mill-race whilſt the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt—the ſtory is incredible, but known

for

for truth in all that part of Ireland—where hundreds of the common people flocked to ſee me.—From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year.—In this year, one thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c.———The regiment, ordered in twenty-two, to Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland; we all decamped, but got no further than Drogheda, thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles weſt, where by Providence we ſtumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral deſcendant from Archbiſhop Sterne, who took us all to his caſtle and kindly entreated us for a year—and ſent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindneſſes, &c.—a moſt rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in ſix or ſeven days—little Devijeher here died, he was three years old—He had been left behind at nurſe at a farm-houſe near Wicklow, but was fetch'd to us by my father the ſummer after—another child ſent to fill his place, Suſan; this babe too left us behind in this weary journey—The autumn of that year, or the ſpring afterwards, I forget which, my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at ſchool—which he did near Halifax, with an able maſter; with whom I ſtaid ſome time, 'till by God's care of me my

couſin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and ſent me to the univerſity, &c. &c. To purſue the thread of our ſtory, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another ſiſter was brought forth, Catherine, ſtill living, but moſt unhappily eſtranged from me by my uncle's wickedneſs, and her own folly—from this ſtation the regiment was ſent to defend Gibraltar, at the ſeige, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel, the quarrel begun about a gooſe, with much difficulty he ſurvived—tho' with an impaired conſtitution, which was not able to withſtand the hardſhips it was put to—for he was ſent to Jamaica, where he ſoon fell by the country fever, which took away his ſenſes firſt, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he ſat down in an arm chair, and breathed his laſt—which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the iſland.—My father was a little ſmart man—active to the laſt degree, in all exerciſes—moſt patient of fatigue and diſappointments, of which it pleaſed God to give him full meaſure—he was in his temper ſomewhat rapid, and haſty—but of a kindly, ſweet diſpoſition, void of all deſign; and ſo innocent in his own intentions, that

he

he ſuſpected no one; ſo that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been ſufficient for your purpoſe—my poor father died in March 1731—I remained at Halifax 'till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myſelf, and ſchool-maſter—He had the cieling of the ſchool-room new white-waſhed—the ladder remained there—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a bruſh in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the uſher ſeverely whipped me. My maſter was very much hurt at this, and ſaid, before me, that never ſhould that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was ſure I ſhould come to preferment—this expreſſion made me forget the ſtripes I had received—In the year thirty-two my couſin ſent me to the univerſity, where I ſtaid ſome time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendſhip with Mr. H . . . which has been moſt laſting on both ſides—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton—and at York I become acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—ſhe owned ſhe liked me, but thought herſelf not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together—ſhe went to her ſiſter's in S———, and I wrote to her often—I believe then ſhe was partly determined to have me, but would not ſay ſo—

at her return ſhe fell into a conſumption—and one evening that I was ſitting by her with an almoſt broken heart to ſee her ſo ill, ſhe ſaid, "my dear Lawrey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every ſhilling of my fortune;" —upon that ſhe ſhewed me her will—this generoſity overpowered me.—It pleaſed God that ſhe recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My uncle and myſelf were then upon very good terms, for he ſoon got me the Prebendary of York—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, becauſe I would not write paragraphs in the news-papers—though he was a party-man, I was not, and deteſted ſuch dirty work: thinking it beneath me—from that period, he became my bittereſt enemy.—By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington—a friend of her's in the ſouth had promiſed her, that if ſhe married a clergyman in Yorkſhire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places—I had then very good health.—Books, painting, fiddling, and ſhooting were my amuſements; as to the 'Squire of the pariſh, I cannot ſay we were upon a very friendly footing—but at Stillington, the family of the C——s ſhewed us every kindneſs—'twas moſt truly agreeable to be within a mile

a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends—In the year 1760, I took a houſe at York for your mother and yourſelf, and went up to London to publiſh my two firſt volumes of Shandy. In that year Lord F—— preſented me with the curacy of Coxwold—a ſweet retirement in compariſon of Sutton. In ſixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me.—I left you both in France, and in two years after I went to Italy for the recovery of my health—and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England, with me —ſhe and yourſelf are at length come—and I have had the inexpreſſible joy of ſeeing my girl every thing I wiſhed her.

I have ſet down theſe particulars relating to my family, and ſelf, for my Lydia, in caſe hereafter ſhe might have a curioſity, or a kinder motive to know them.

IN juſtice to Mr. STERN's delicate feelings, I muſt here publiſh the following letters to Mrs. STERNE, before he married her, when ſhe was in Staffordſhire——A good heart breathes in every line of them.

LET-

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To Miſs L——.

YES! I will ſteal from the world, and not a babbling tongue ſhall tell where I am—Echo ſhall not ſo much as whiſper my hiding place —ſuffer thy imagination to paint it as a little ſun-gilt cottage on the ſide of a romantic hill —doſt thou think I will leave love and friendſhip behind me? No! they ſhall be my companions in ſolitude, for they will ſit down, and riſe up with me in the amiable form of my L—— we will be as merry, and as innocent as our firſt parents in Paradiſe, before the arch fiend entered that undeſcribable ſcene.

The kindeſt affections will have room to ſhoot and expand in our retirement, and produce ſuch fruit, as madneſs, and envy, and ambition have always killed in the bud.—Let the human tempeſt and hurricane rage at a diſtance, the deſolation is beyond the horizon

of peace.—My L—— has ſeen a Polyanthus blow in December—ſome friendly wall has ſheltered it from the biting wind.—No planetary influence ſhall reach us, but that which preſides and cheriſhes the ſweeteſt flowers.—God preſerve us, how delightful this proſpect in idea! We will build, and we will plant, in our own way—ſimplicity ſhall not be tortured by art—we will learn of nature how to live—ſhe ſhall be our alchymiſt, to mingle all the good of life into one ſalubrious draught.—The gloomy family of care and diſtruſt ſhall be baniſhed from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity—we will ſing our choral ſongs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L——. Return to one who languiſhes for thy ſociety.

L. STERNE.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

YOU bid me tell you, my dear L—— how I bore your departure for S——, and whether the valley where D'Eſtella ſtands retains ſtill its looks—or, if I think the roſes or jeſſamines ſmell as ſweet, as when you left it—Alas! every thing has now loſt its reliſh, and look! The hour you left D'Eſtella I took to my bed.—I was worn out with fevers of all kinds, but moſt by that fever of the heart with which thou knoweſt well I have been waſting theſe two years—and ſhall continue waſting 'till you quit S——. The good Miſs S——, from the forebodings of the beſt of hearts, thinking I was ill, inſiſted upon my going to her.—What can be the cauſe, my dear L——, that I never have been able to ſee the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myſelf rent to pieces? She made me ſtay an hour with her, and in that ſhort ſpace I burſt into tears a dozen different times—and in ſuch affectionate guſts of paſſion that ſhe was conſtrained to leave the room, and ſympathize in her dreſſing room—I have been weeping for you

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

BEFORE now my L—— has lodged an indictment againſt me in the high court of Friendſhip—I plead guilty to the charge, and intirely ſubmit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal.—Let this mitigate my puniſhment, if it will not expiate my tranſgreſſion—do not ſay that I ſhall offend again in the ſame manner, though a too eaſy pardon ſometimes occaſions a repetition of the ſame fault.—A miſer ſays, though I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow ſhall be marked with ſome deed of beneficence.—The Libertine ſays, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleaſures, and the next I will dedicate to ſerious thought and reflection.—The Gameſter ſays, let me have one more chance with the dice and I will never touch them more.—The Knave of every profeſſion wiſhes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honeſt man.—The Female Coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he ſhould not pity her.

Thy

Thy apparition of the fifth inſtant, for letters may almoſt be called ſo, proved more welcome as I did not expect it. Oh! my L——, thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt aſſuredly repent of one act of kindneſs—for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with intereſt.—Why does my L—— complain of the deſertion of friends? —Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint?—It is a common obſervation, and perhaps too true, that married people ſeldom extend their regards beyond their own fireſide.—There is ſuch a thing as parſimony in eſteem, as well as money—yet as the one coſts nothing, it might be beſtowed with more liberality.—We cannot gather grapes from thorns, ſo we muſt not expect kind attachments from perſons who are wholly folded up in ſelfiſh ſchemes.—I do not know whether I moſt deſpiſe, or pity ſuch characters —nature never made an unkind creature—ill uſage, and bad habits, have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L——!—thou art ſurrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter; wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable.—Diſappointed ambition might envy ſuch a retreat, and diſappointed love would ſeek it out.—Crouded towns, and buſy ſocieties, may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but ſolitude

that account.—But my L—— thou haſt leſs to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being uſeful, was nearly over.—At ſixty years of age the tenement gets faſt out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a diſcharge.—In ſuch a ſituation the poet might well ſay

"The ſoul uneaſy, &c."

My L—— talks of leaving the country—may a kind angel guide thy ſteps hither.—Solitude at length grows tireſome.—Thou ſayeſt thou wilt quit the place with regret—I think ſo too.—Does not ſomething uneaſy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whoſe temper and company one has long been acquainted with.—I think I ſee you looking twenty times a day at the houſe—almoſt counting every brick and pane of glaſs, and telling them at the ſame time with a ſigh, you are going to leave them.—Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain inſenſible of thy loſs.—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of ſo many pleaſing walks muſt have endeared it to you. The trees, the ſhrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away ſooner upon thy departure.—Who will be the ſucceſſor to nurſe them in thy abſence.—

Thou

Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree.—If trees, and ſhrubs, and flowers, could compoſe an elegy, I ſhould expect a very plaintive one upon this ſubject.

Adieu, adieu. Believe me ever, ever thine,

L. STERNE.

LETTER V.

To S—— C——, Eſq.

London, Chriſtmas Day.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in ſuch a continual hurry ſince the moment I arrived here—what with my books, and what with viſiters, and viſitings, that it was not in my power ſooner to ſit down and acknowledge the favour of your obliging letter; and to thank you for the moſt friendly motives which led you to write it: I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stillington ſo much on the chapter of *Noſes*—becauſe, as the principal ſatire throughout that part is levelled at thoſe learned blockheads who, in all ages, have waſted their time and much learning upon

points as fooliſh—it ſhifts off the idea of what you fear, to another point—and 'tis thought here very good—'twill paſs muſter—I mean not with all—no—no! I ſhall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will—and beſides, muſt expect to have a party againſt me of many hundreds—who either do not—or will not laugh.—'Tis enough if I divide the world;—at leaſt I will reſt contented with it.—I wiſh you was here to ſee what changes of looks and political reaſoning have taken place in every company, and coffee-houſe ſince laſt year; we ſhall be ſoon Pruſſians and Anti-Pruſſians, B——'s and Anti-B——s, and thoſe diſtinctions will juſt do as well as Whig and Tory—and for aught I know ſerve the ſame ends.—The K. ſeems reſolved to bring all things back to their original principles, and to ſtop the torrent of corruption and lazineſs.—He riſes every morning at ſix to do buſineſs—rides out at eight to a minute, returns at nine to give himſelf up to his people.—By perſiſting, 'tis thought he will oblige his M——s and dependants, to diſpatch affairs with him many hours ſooner than of late—and 'tis much to be queſtion'd whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him ſooner by being free'd from long levees of their own, and applications; which will in all likelyhood be transferr'd from them directly

to

to himſelf—the preſent ſyſtem being to remove that Phalanx of great people, which ſtood betwixt the throne and the ſubjects, and ſuffer them to have immediate acceſs without the intervention of a caball—this is the language of others: however the K. gives every thing himſelf, knows every thing, and weighs every thing maturely, and then is inflexible—this puts old ſtagers off their game—how it will end we are all in the dark.

'Tis fear'd the war is quite over in Germany; never was known ſuch havock amongſt troops—I was told yeſterday by a Colonel, from Germany, that out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belong'd, but ſeventy-one left!—P.... F.... has ſent word, 'tis ſaid, that he muſt have forty-thouſand men directly ſent to take the field—and with proviſions for them too, for he can but ſubſiſt them for a fortnight—I hope this will find you all got to York—I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c. &c.

Though I purpoſed going firſt to Golden-Square, yet fate has thus long diſpoſed of me—ſo I have never been able to ſet a foot towards that quarter.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's affectionately

L. STERNE.

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE juſt time to acknowledge the favour of yours, but not to get the two prints you mention—which ſhall be ſent you by next poſt—I have bought them, and lent them to Miſs Gilbert, but will aſſuredly ſend for them and encloſe them to you:—I will take care to get your pictures well copied, and at a moderate price. And if I can be of further uſe, I beſeech you to employ me; and from time to time will ſend you an account of whatever may be worth tranſmitting.—The ſtream now ſets in ſtrong againſt the German war. Loud complaints of ——— ——— ——— making a trade of the war, &c. &c. much expected from Ld. G———'s evidence to theſe matters, who is expected every hour;—the K. wins every day upon the people, ſhews himſelf much at the play, but at no opera, rides out with his brothers every morning, half an hour after ſeven, till nine—returns with them—ſpends an hour with them at breakfaſt, and chat—and then ſits down to buſineſs. I never

dined

dined at home once ſince I arrived—am fourteen dinners deep engaged juſt now, and fear matters will be worſe with me in that point than better.—As to the main points in view, at which you hint—all I can ſay is, that I ſee my way, and unleſs Old Nick throws the dice —ſhall, in due time, come off winner.——Triſtram will be out the twentieth—there is a great rout made about him before he enters the ſtage—whether this will be of uſe or no, I can't ſay—ſome wits of the firſt magnitude here, both as to wit and ſtation, engage me ſucceſs—time will ſhew—Adieu, dear Sir! and with my compliments to Mrs. Croft, &c.

I am your affectionate,

and obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

DEAR SIR,

I THIS moment received the favour of your kind letter.—The letter in the Ladies Magazine about me, was wrote by the noted

Dr. H——, who wrote the Inſpector, and undertakes that magazine—the people of York are very uncharitable to ſuppoſe any man ſo groſs a beaſt as to pen ſuch a character of himſelf.—In this great town no ſoul ever ſuſpected it, for a thouſand reaſons—could they ſuppoſe I ſhould be ſuch a fool as to fall foul upon Dr. W——n, my beſt friend, by repreſenting him ſo weak a man—or by telling ſuch a lye of him—as his giving me a purſe, to buy off his tutorſhip for Triſtram!—or I ſhould be fool enough to own I had taken his purſe for that purpoſe!

You muſt know there is a quarrel between Dr. H—— and Dr. M——y, who was the phyſician meant at Mr. C—— S——'s, and Dr. H—— has changed the place on purpoſe to give M——y a lick.—Now that converſation, though perhaps true, yet happen'd at another place, and with another phyſician; which I have contradicted in this city for the honour of my friend M——y, all which ſhews the abſurdity of York credulity, and nonſenſe. Beſides the account is full of falſhoods—firſt with regard to the place of my birth, which was at C——, in Ireland—the ſtory of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W——, not true, or of a *penſion promiſed*; the merit of which I diſclaim'd—and indeed there are ſo many other things ſo untrue, and unlikely to come from

from me, that the worſt enemy I have here never had a ſuſpicion—and to end all Dr. H—— owns the paper.

I ſhall be down before May is out—I preach before the Judges on Sunday—my ſermons come out on Thurſday after—and I purpoſe the Monday at furtheſt after that to ſet out for York—I have bought a pair of horſes for that purpoſe—my beſt reſpects to your Lady—

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged and faithful,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I beg pardon for this haſty ſcrawl, having juſt come from a Concert where the D—— of Y—— perform'd—I have received great notice from him, and laſt week had the honour of ſupping with him.

LETTER VIII,

To the ſame.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I had the favour of your obliging letter, nothing has happened, or been ſaid one day, which has not been contradicted the

next; ſo having little certain to write, I have forbore writing at all, in hopes every day of ſomething worth filling up a letter. We had the greateſt expectations yeſterday that ever were raiſed, of a pitched battle in the H—— of C——, wherein Mr. P—— was to have entered and thrown down the gauntlet, in defence of the German war.—There never was ſo full a houſe—the gallery full to the top—I was there all the day—when, lo! a political fit of the gout ſeized the great combattant—he entered not the liſts—B—— got up, and begged the houſe, as he ſaw not his right honourable friend there, to put off the debate—it could not be done; ſo B—— roſe up, and made a moſt long, paſſionate, incoherent ſpeech, in defence of the Germanick war—but very ſevere upon the unfrugal manner it was carried on—in which he addreſſed himſelf principally to the C—— of the E——, and laid him on terribly.—It ſeems the chancery of Hanover had laid out 350,000 pounds, on account, and brought in our treaſury debtor—and the grand debate was, for an honeſt examination of the particulars of this extravagant account, and for vouchers to authenticate it.—L—— anſwered B—— very rationally, and coolly—Lord N. ſpoke long—Sir F. D—— maintained the German war was moſt pernicious—Mr. C——, of Surry, ſpoke

ſpoke well againſt the account, with ſome others—L. B——n at laſt got up, and ſpoke half an hour with great plainneſs, and temper —explained a great many hidden ſprings relating to theſe accounts, in favour of the late K.—and told two or three converſations which had paſſed between the K. and himſelf, relative to theſe expences—which caſt great honour upon the K's. character. This was with regard to the money the K. had ſecretly furniſhed out of his pocket to leſſen the account of the Hanoverſcore brought us to diſcharge.

B——d and B——n abuſed all who fought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and B——d added, that the reaſons of wiſhing a peace now, were the ſame as at the peace of Utrecht—that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war and their places too, ſo were for making another ſacrifice of the nation, to their own intereſts.—After all—the cry for a peace is ſo general, that it will certainly end in one. Now for myſelf——.

One half of the town abuſe my book as bitterly, as the other half cry it up to the ſkies —the beſt is, they abuſe and buy it, and at ſuch a rate, that we are going on with a ſecond edition, as faſt as poſſible.

I am going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer, to Wimbleton; on Wedneſday there is to be a grand aſſembly at Lady N——.

I have

I have enquired every where about Stephen's affair, and can hear nothing—My friend, Mr. Charles T——, will be now ſecretary of war —he bid me wiſh him joy of it, though not in poſſeſſion.—I will aſk him—and depend, my moſt worthy friend, that you ſhall not be ignorant of what I learn from him—believe me ever, ever,

Yours,

L. S.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

MY DEAR SIR,

A STRAIN which I got in my wriſt by a terrible fall, prevented my acknowledging the favour of your obliging letter. I went yeſterday morning to breakfaſt with Mr. V——, who is a kind of right-hand man to the ſecretary, on purpoſe to enquire about the propriety, or feaſibility, of doing what you wiſh me—and he has told me an anecdote which, had you been here, would, I think, have made it

wiſer

wiſer to have deferred ſpeaking about the affair a month hence than now; it is this—You muſt know that the numbers of officers who have left their regiments in Germany, for the pleaſures of the town, have been a long topic for merriment; as you ſee them in St. James's Coffee-houſe, and the park, every hour, enquiring, open mouth, how things go on in Germany, and what news?—when they ſhould have been there to have furniſhed news themſelves—but the worſt part has been, that many of them have left their brother officers on their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, and have come with no end but to make friends, to be put unfairly over the *heads of thoſe* who were left riſking *their lives.*—In this attempt there have been ſome but too ſucceſsful, which has juſtly raiſed ill-blood and complaints from the officers who ſtaid behind—the upſhot has been, that they have every ſoul been ordered off, and woe be to him, 'tis ſaid, who ſhall be found liſtening. Now juſt to mention our friend's caſe whilſt this cry is on foot, I think would be doing more hurt than good, but if you think otherwiſe, I will go with all my heart and mention it to Mr. T——, for to do more I am too inconſiderable a perſon to pretend to. You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the court—but they do not

conſider

conſider what a conſiderable perſon they make of me, when they ſuppoſe either my going, or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the K's head—and for thoſe about him, I have the honour either to ſtand ſo perſonally well known to them; or to be ſo well repreſented by thoſe of the firſt rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank God, B——'s excepted, I have never yet made a friend, or connection I have forfeited, or done ought to forfeit—but on the contrary, my true character is better underſtood, and where I had one friend laſt year, who did me honour, I have three now.—If my enemies knew that by this rage of abuſe, and ill will, they were effectually ſerving the intereſts both of myſelf, and works, they would be more quiet—but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found, that the way to fame, is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation—and till I ſhall have the honour to be as much mal-treated as Rabelais, and Swift were, I muſt continue humble; for I have not filled up the meaſure of half their *perſecutions*.

The court is turning topſy-turvy. Lord B——e, le premier—Lord T——t to be groom of the chambers in room of the D—— of R——d—Lord H——x to Ireland—Sir F. D——d in T——'s place—P——t ſeems unmoved

unmoved—a peace inevitable—Stocks riſe—the peers this moment kiſſing hands, &c. &c. this week may be chriſtened the kiſs-hands week, for a hundred changes will happen in conſequence of theſe. Pray preſent my compliments to Mrs. C——r and all friends, and believe me, with the greateſt fidelity,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Is it not ſtrange that Lord T——t ſhould have power to remove the Duke of R——d.

Pray when you have read this, ſend the news to Mrs. Sterne.

LETTER X.

To the ſame.

DEAR SIR,

I RETVRN you ten thouſand thanks for the favour of your letter—and the account you give me of my wife and girl.—I ſaw Mr. Ch——y to-night at Ranelagh, who tells me you

ſome paſſages.—I have hired a ſmall houſe in the Minſter Yard for my wife, and daughter—the latter is to begin dancing, &c. if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at leaſt give her an education.——As I ſhall publiſh my works very ſoon, I ſhall be in town by March, and ſhall have the pleaſure of meeting with you. —All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the ſame eſtimation that your ſincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady, believe me, with every wiſh for your happineſs, your moſt faithful, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XII.

To Dr. *****.

Jan. 30, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

DE mortuis nil niſi bonum, is a maxim which you have ſo often of late urged in converſation, and in your letters, but in your laſt eſpecially, with ſuch ſerioufneſs, and ſeverity againſt me, as the ſuppoſed tranſgreſſor of the rule;—that you have made me at length

as

as ſerious and ſevere as yourſelf:—but that the humours you have ſtirred up might not work too potently within me, I have waited four days to cool myſelf, before I would ſet pen to paper to anſwer you, "*de mortuis nil niſi bonum.*" I declare I have conſidered the wiſdom, and foundation of it over and over again, as diſpaſſionately and charitably as a good Chriſtian can, and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it, than a nonſenſical lullaby of ſome nurſe, put into Latin by ſome pedant, to be chanted by ſome hypocrite to the end of the world, for the conſolation of departing lechers.—'Tis, I own, Latin; and I think that is all the weight it has —for, in plain Engliſh, 'tis a looſe and futile poſition below a diſpute—"*you are not to ſpeak any thing of the dead, but what is good.*" Why ſo?—Who ſays ſo?—neither reaſon or ſcripture.—Inſpired authors have done otherwiſe—and reaſon and common ſenſe tell me, that if the characters of paſt ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themſelves; that is, with their excellencies, and with their foibles—and it is as much a piece of juſtice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one, as the other.—The ruling paſſion *et les egarements du cœur*, are the very things which mark, and diſtinguiſh a man's character;—in

which I would as ſoon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horſe.—However, if like the poor devil of a painter, we muſt conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis*, *&c.* which I own has a ſpice of piety in the *ſound* of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the ſame pot—I then infer that our Sydenhams, and Sangrados, our Lucretias,—and Maſſalinas, our Sommers, and our Bolingbrokes—are alike entitled to ſtatues, and all the hiſtorians, or ſatiriſts who have ſaid otherwiſe ſince they departed this life, from Salluſt, to S——e, are guilty of the crimes you charge me with, "cowardice and injuſtice."

But why cowardice? "becauſe 'tis not courage to attack a dead man who can't defend himſelf."——But why do you doctors of the faculty attack ſuch a one with your inciſion knife? Oh! for the good of the living.—'Tis my plea.—But I have ſomething more to ſay in my behalf—and it is this—I am not guilty of the charge—though defenſible. I have not cut up Doctor Kunaſtrokius at all—I have juſt ſcratch'd him—and that ſcarce ſkin-deep.—I do him firſt all honour—ſpeak of Kunaſtrokius as a great man—be he who he will, and then moſt diſtantly hint at a drole foible in his character—and that not firſt reported, to the few who can even underſtand the hint, by me—but known before by every chamber-

chamber-maid and footman within the bills of mortality—but Kunaſtrokius, you ſay, was a great man—'tis that very circumſtance which makes the pleaſantry—for I could name at this inſtant a ſcore of honeſt gentlemen who might have done the very thing which Kunaſtrokius did, and ſeen no joke in it at all—as to the failing of Kunaſtrokius, which you ſay can only be imputed to his friends as a misfortune—I ſee nothing like a misfortune in it to any friend or relation of Kunaſtrokius—that Kunaſtrokius upon occaſions ſhould ſit with *** **** and ******——I have put theſe ſtars not *to hurt your worſhip's delicacy*—If Kunaſtrokius after all is too ſacred a character to be even ſmiled at, which is all I have done, he has had better luck than his betters:—In the ſame page, without imputation of cowardice, I have ſaid as much of a man of twice his wiſdom—and that is Solomon, of whom I have made the ſame remark: "That they were both great men—and like all mortal men had each their ruling paſſion.

——The conſolation you give me, "That my book however will be read enough to anſwer my deſign of raiſing a tax upon the public"—is very unconſolatory—to ſay nothing how very mortifying! by h——n! an author is worſe treated than a common ***** at this rate—"*You will get a penny by your*

ſins, and that's enough."—Upon this chapter let me comment.—That I propoſed laying the world under contribution when I ſet pen to paper—is what I own, and I ſuppoſe I may be allow'd to have that view in my head in common with every other writer, to make my labour of advantage to myſelf.

Do not you do the ſame? but I beg I may add, that whatever views I had of that kind, I had other views—the firſt of which was, the hopes of doing the world good by ridiculing what I thought deſerving of it—or of diſſervice to ſound learning, &c.—how I have ſucceeded my book muſt ſhew—and this I leave entirely to the world—but not to that little world *of your acquaintance*, whoſe opinion, and ſentiments you call the general opinion of the beſt judges *without exception*, who all affirm, you ſay, that my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of *character*. I hope you except widows, doctor—for they are not *all* ſo ſqueamiſh—but I am told they are all really of my party in return for ſome good offices done their intereſts in the 176th page of my ſecond volume. But for the chaſte married, and chaſte unmarried part of the ſex—they muſt not read my book! Heaven forbid the ſtock of chaſtity ſhould be leſſen'd by the life and opinions of Triſtram Shandy—yes, his opinions—it would certainly debauch them!

them! God take them under his protection in this fiery trial, and ſend us plenty of Duenas to watch the workings of their humours, 'till they have ſafely got through the whole work.—If this will not be ſufficient, may we have plenty of Sangrados to pour in plenty of cold water; till this terrible fermentation is over—as for the *nummum in loculo*, which you mention to me a ſecond time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt—I thank God though I don't abound—that I have enough for a clean ſhirt every day—and a mutton chop—and my contentment with this, has thus far, and I hope ever will, put me above ſtooping an inch for it, for—eſtate.—Curſe on it, I like it not to that degree, nor envy, *you may be ſure*, any man who kneels in the dirt for it—ſo that howſoever I may fall ſhort of the ends propoſed in commencing author—I enter this *proteſt*, firſt that my end was *honeſt*, and ſecondly, that I wrote not to be *fed*, but to be *famous*. I am much obliged to Mr. Garrick for his very favourable opinion—but why, dear Sir, had he done better in finding fault with it than in commending it? to humble me? an author is not ſo ſoon humbled as you imagine—no, but to make the book better by caſtrations—that is ſtill *ſub judice*, and I can aſſure you upon this chapter, that the very paſſages, and deſcriptions you

 propoſe,

propoſe, that I ſhould ſacrifice in my ſecond edition, are what are beſt reliſh'd by men of wit, and ſome others whom I eſteem as ſound criticks—ſo that upon the whole, I am ſtill kept up, if not above fear, at leaſt above deſpair, and have ſeen enough to ſhew me the folly of an attempt of caſtrating my book to the prudiſh humours of particulars. I believe the ſhort cut would be to publiſh this letter at the beginning of the third volume, as an apology for the firſt and ſecond. I was ſorry to find a cenſure upon the inſincerity of ſome of my friends—I have no reaſon myſelf to reproach any one man—my friends have continued in the ſame opinions of my books which they firſt gave me of it—nay indeed have thought better of them, by conſidering them more; few worſe.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the B—— of G——.

York, June 9, 1760.

MY LORD,

NOT knowing where to ſend two ſets of my Sermons, I could think of no better expedient, than to order them into Mr. Berrenger's hands, who has promiſed me that he will wait upon your Lordſhip with them, the firſt moment he hears you are in town. The trueſt and humbleſt thanks I return to your Lordſhip for the generoſity of your protection, and advice to me; by making a good uſe of the one, I will hope to deſerve the other; I wiſh your Lordſhip all the health and happineſs in this world, for I am

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged and

Moſt grateful Servant,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I am juſt ſitting down to go on with Triſtram, &c.—the ſcribblers uſe me ill, but they have uſed my betters much worſe, for which may God forgive them.

LETTER XIV.

To the Rev. Mr. STERNE.

Prior-Park, June 15, 1760.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAVE your favour of the 9th Inſtant, and am glad to underſtand, you are got ſafe home, and employ'd again in your proper ſtudies and amuſements. You have it in your power to make that, which is an amuſement to yourſelf and others, uſeful to both: at leaſt, you ſhould above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners; but I have already taken ſuch repeated liberties of adviſing you on that head, that to ſay more would be needleſs, or perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is, in any way, well received by the public, is ſure to be annoy'd by that peſt of the public, *profligate ſcribblers*. This is the common lot of ſucceſsful adventurers; but ſuch have often a worſe evil to ſtruggle with, I mean the over-officiouſneſs of their indiſcreet friends. There are two Odes, as they are call'd, printed by Dodſley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monſter of

of impiety and lewdneſs—yet ſuch is the malignity of the ſcribblers, ſome have given them to your friend Hall; and others, which is ſtill more impoſſible, to yourſelf; though the firſt Ode has the inſolence to place you both in a mean and a ridiculous light. But this might ariſe from a tale equally groundleſs and malignant, that you had ſhewn them to your acquaintances in *M. S.* before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodſley the likelieſt means of diſcrediting the calumny.

About this time, another, under the maſk of friendſhip, pretended to draw your character, which was ſince publiſhed in a *Female Magazine*, for dulneſs, who often has as great a hand as the devil, in deforming God's works of the creation, has *made them*, it ſeems, *male* and *female*, and from thence it was transformed into a *Chronicle*. Pray have you read it, or do you know its author?

But of all theſe things, I dare ſay Mr. Garrick, whoſe prudence is equal to his honeſty or his talents, has remonſtrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconſtancy of what is called the Public, towards all, even the beſt intentioned, of thoſe who contribute to its pleaſure, or amuſement. He, as every man of honour and diſcretion would, has availed himſelf of the public favour, to regulate

regulate the taſte, and, in his proper ſtation, to reform the manners of the faſhionable world; while by a well judged œconomy, he has provided againſt the temptations of a mean and ſervile dependency, on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be aſſured, there is no one more ſincerely wiſhes your welfare and happineſs, than,

Reverend Sir,

W. G.

LETTER XV.

To my Witty Widow, Mrs. F——.

Coxwould, Aug. 3, 1760.

MADAM,

WHEN a man's brains are as dry as a ſqueez'd Orange—and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a Mallet, 'tis in vain to think of ſitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unleſs in the honeſt John-Trot-Stile of, *yours of the 15th inſtant came ſafe to hand, &c.* which, by the bye, looks like

like a letter of buſineſs; and you know very well, from the firſt letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no buſineſs at all. This vile plight I found my genius in, was the reaſon I have told Mr. ——, I would not write to you till the next poſt—hopeing, by that time to get ſome ſmall recruit, at leaſt of vivacity, if not wit, to ſet out with;—but upon ſecond thoughts, thinking a bad letter in ſeaſon—to be better than a good one, out of it—this ſcrawl is the conſequence, which, if you will burn the moment you get it—I promiſe to ſend you a fine ſet eſſay in the ſtile of your female epiſtolizers, cut and trim'd at all points.—God defend me from ſuch, who never yet knew what it was to ſay or write one premeditated word in my whole life—for this reaſon I ſend you with pleaſure, becauſe wrote with the careleſs irregularity of an eaſy heart.—Who told you Garrick wrote the Medley for Beard?—'Twas wrote in his houſe, however, and before I left town.—— I deny it—I was not loſt two days before I left town.—I was loſt all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy caſtle of mine.—Next winter I intend to ſojourn amongſt you with more decorum, and will neither be loſt or found any where.

Now I wiſh to God, I was at your elbow —I have juſt finiſhed one volume of Shandy, and

and I want to read it to ſome one who I know can taſte and reliſh humour—this by the way, is a little impudent in me—for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightineſſes the world have yet to determine—but I mean no ſuch thing—I could wiſh only to have your opinion—ſhall I, in truth, give you mine?—I dare not—but I will; provided you keep it to yourſelf—know then, that I think there is more laughable humour,—with equal degree of Cervantick ſatire—if not more than in the laſt—but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thouſand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation—and I will take care, you ſhall never wiſh me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great eſteem and truth,

Your moſt obliged

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have wrote this ſo vilely and ſo precipitately, I fear you muſt carry it to a decypherer—I beg you'll do me the honour to write—otherwiſe you draw *me* in, inſtead of Mr. ——— drawing *you* into a ſcrape—for I ſhould ſorrow to have a *taſte* of ſo agreeable a correſpondent—and *no more.*

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To Lady ——.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you moſt cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my Lord Fauconberg's having preſented me with the curacy of this place—though your congratulation comes ſomewhat of the lateſt, as I have been poſſeſſed of it ſome time.—I hope I have been of ſome ſervice to his Lordſhip, and he has ſufficiently requited me.—'Tis ſeventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred—but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.—'Tis within a mile of his Lordſhip's ſeat, and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaiſe, I purchaſed for my wife.—Lyd has a poney which ſhe delights in.—Whilſt they take theſe diverſions, I am ſcribbling away at my Triſtram. Theſe two volumes are, I think, the beſt.—I ſhall write as long as I live, 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horſe: and ſo much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthuſiaſt.—My Lydia helps to copy

copy for me—and my wife knits and liſtens as I read her chapters.—The coronation of his Majeſty, whom God preſerve! has coſt me the value of an Ox, which is to be roaſted whole in the middle of the town, and my pariſhioners will, I ſuppoſe, be very m—— occaſion.—You will then be i feaſt your eyes with a ſight, w hoped will not be in either of ſee again—for in point of age twenty years the ſtart of his M now, my dear friend, I muſt fi with every wiſh for your happ myſelf your moſt ſincere w friend,

I

LETTER

To J—— H—— S—

Coxwold

DEAR H——,

I REJOICE you are in London—reſt you there in peace; here 'tis the devil.—You was a good prophet.—I wiſh myſelf back again, as

as you told me I ſhould—but not becauſe a thin death-doing peſtiferous north-eaſt wind blows in a line directly from crazy-caſtle turret full upon me in this cuckoldly retreat, for I value the north-eaſt wind and all its powers not a ſtraw,—but the tranſition from rapid motion to abſolute reſt was too violent.—I ſhould have walked about the ſtreets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have paſſed through, before I entered upon my reſt.—I ſtaid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to ſatisfy me I have not managed my miſeries like a wiſe man—and if God, for my conſolation under them, had not poured forth the ſpirit of Shandeiſm into me, which will not ſuffer me to think two moments upon any grave ſubject, I would elſe, juſt now lay down and die—die—and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I ſhall be as merry as a monkey—and as miſchievous too, and forget it all—ſo that this is but a copy of the preſent train running croſs my brain.—And ſo you think this curſed ſtupid—but that, my dear H——— depends much upon the quotâ horâ of your ſhabby clock, if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon—I give it up—or if the day is obſcured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am ſtill loſt—but who knows but it may be five—

and the day as fine a day as ever ſhone upon the earth ſince the deſtruction of Sodom—and peradventure your honour may have got a good hearty dinner to-day, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placiduliſh and a blanduliſh amalgama—to bear nonſenſe, ſo much for that.

'Tis as cold and churliſh juſt now, as, if God had not pleaſed it to be ſo, it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are where you are, and where, I repeat it again, I wiſh I was alſo—Curſe of poverty, and abſence from thoſe we love!—they are two great evils which embitter all things—and yet with the firſt I am not haunted much.—As to matrimony, I ſhould be a beaſt to rail at it, for my wife is eaſy—but the world is not—and had I ſtaid from her a ſecond longer it would have been a burning ſhame—elſe ſhe declares herſelf happier without me—but not in anger is this declaration made—but in pure ſober good-ſenſe, built on ſound experience—ſhe hopes you will be able to ſtrike a bargain for me before this time twelvemonth, to lead a bear round Europe: and from this hopes from you, I verily believe it is, that you are ſo high in her favour at preſent—She ſwears you are a fellow of wit, though humourous; a funny jolly ſoul, though ſomewhat ſplenetic; and, bating the

love

love of women, as honeſt as *gold*—how do you like the ſimile?—Oh, Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am ſitting, ſorrowful as the prophet was when the voice cried out to him and ſaid, "What do'ſt thou here, Elijah?"—'Tis well the ſpirit does not make the ſame at Coxwould—for unleſs for the few ſheep left me to take care of, in this wilderneſs, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca—When we find we can by a ſhifting of places, run away from ourſelves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a viſit to the *vale of Jehoſophat*—As ill a fame as we have, I truſt I ſhall one day or other ſee you face to face—ſo tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteouſly and ſoberly as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within, or without them—preſent my beſt and warmeſt wiſhes to them, and adviſe the eldeſt to prop up his ſpirits, and get a rich dowager before the concluſion of the peace—why will not the advice ſuit both, par nobile fratrum?

To-morrow morning, if Heaven permit, I begin the fifth volume of Shandy—I care not a curſe for the critics—I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* ſends me, and they may take them off my hands, or let them alone—I am very valourous—and 'tis in proportion

of Orleans's collections, every day I have time —I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from the delights of this place, which in the *ſcavoir vivre*, exceed all the places, I believe, in this ſection of the globe—

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartny to Verſailles—the next morning I wait upon Monſr. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartny, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation—I have bought another in verſe, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a ſervant of Mr. Hodges, who he is ſending back to England.

I was laſt night with Mr. Fox to ſee Madle. Clairon, in *Iphigene*—ſhe is extremely great —would to God you had one or two like her —what a luxury, to ſee you with one of ſuch powers in the ſame intereſting ſcene—but 'tis too much—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himſelf—By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have beſpoke this week the Frenchman in London, in which Preville is to ſend us home to ſupper, *all happy*—I mean about fifteen or ſixteen Engliſh of diſtinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every reſpect to me like a man of good breeding, and good nature—In a poſt or two I will write again—Foley is an honeſt ſoul—I could write ſix volumes of what has paſſed comically in this great ſcene, ſince theſe laſt fourteen days—but more of this hereafter—We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. G—— would know me, if you met me in my remiſe—bleſs you both! Service to Mrs. Dennis. Adieu, adieu.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIX.

To Lady D——.

London, Feb. 1, 1762.

YOUR Ladyſhip's kind enquiries after my health is indeed kind, and of a piece with the reſt of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a veſſel in my lungs—hard writing in the ſummer, together with preaching, which I have not ſtrength for, is ever fatal to me—but I cannot avoid the latter yet,

and the former is too pleaſurable to be given up—I believe I ſhall try if the ſouth of France will not be of ſervice to me—his G—— of Y—— has moſt humanely given me the permiſſion for a year or two—I ſhall ſet off with great hopes of its efficacy, and ſhall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, elſe my ſtay could not be ſo long—"Le Fever's ſtory has beguiled your ladyſhip of your tears," and the thought of the accuſing ſpirit flying up heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to ſay is ſublime—my friend, Mr. Garrick, thinks ſo too, and I am moſt vain of his approbation—your ladyſhip's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wiſh I had time to take a little excurſion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you ſay in your letter—but 'tis impoſſible—accept at leaſt my warmeſt thanks—If I could tempt my friend, Mr. H——, to come to France, I ſhould be truly happy—If I can be of any ſervice to your at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be,

Your Ladyſhip's faithful,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To J—— H—— S——, Eſq.

Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

DEAR H——,

I SYMPATHIZED for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations —and would willingly have taken my horſe, and trotted to the oracle to have enquired into the etymology of all your ſufferings, had I not been aſſured, that all that evacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdomical motion attending it, both which are equal to a month's purgation and exerciſe, will have left you better than it found you—Need one go to D—— to be told that all kind of mild, mark, I am going to talk more fooliſhly than your apothecary, opening, ſaponacious, dirty-ſhirt, ſud-waſhing liquors are proper for you, and conſequently all ſtyptical potations, death and deſtruction—if you had not ſhut up your gall-ducts by theſe, the glauber ſalts could not have hurt—as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raiſing a freſh combuſtion, as all phyſic does at firſt, ſo that you have been let off—nitre, brimſtone, and charcoal, which

is blackneſs itſelf, all at one blaſt—'twas well the piece did not burſt, for I think it underwent great violence, and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much ſervice in this militating world—Panty is miſtaken, I quarrel with no one.—There was that coxcomb of —— in the houſe, who loſt temper with me for no reaſon upon earth but that I could not fall down and worſhip a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he ſet up to the perſecution of all true believers—I ſat down upon *his altar*, and whiſtled in the time of his divine ſervice—and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incenſe pot to the D——, ſo he retreated, *ſed non ſine felle in corde ſuo*. —I have wrote a clerum, whether I ſhall take my doctor's degrees or no—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Triſtram—I have bought ſeven hundred books at a purchaſe dog cheap—and many good—and I have been a week getting them ſet up in my beſt room here—why do not you tranſport yours to town, but I talk like a fool.—This will juſt catch you at your ſpaw—I wiſh you incolumem apud Londinum—do you go there for good and all—or ill?—I am, dear couſin,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To D. G——, Eſq.

Paris, March 19, 1762.

DEAR G——.

THIS will be put into your hands by Doctor Shippen, a phyſician, who has been here ſome time with Miſs Poyntz, and is this moment ſetting off for your metropolis, ſo I ſnatch the opportunity of writing to you and my kind friend Mrs. G——. I ſee nothing like her here, and yet I have been introduced to one half of their beſt Goddeſſes, and in a month more ſhall be admitted to the ſhrines of the other half—but I neither worſhip—or fall, much, upon my knees before them; but on the contrary, have converted many unto Shandeiſm—for be it known I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonſenſe than ever you heard me talk in your days—and to all ſorts of people. *Qui le diable eſt ce homme là*—ſaid Choiſeul, t'other day—*ce Chevalier Shandy*—You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the reſt of the dialogue—whether the bearer knows it or no, I know not—'Twill ſerve up after

after Supper, in Southampton-ſtreet, amongſt other ſmall diſhes, after the fatigues of Richard the IIId—O God! they have nothing here, which gives the nerves ſo ſmart a blow, as thoſe great characters in the hands of G——! but I forgot I am writing to the man himſelf —The devil take, as he will, theſe tranſports of enthuſiaſm! apropos—the whole City of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comic opera, and if it was not for the affairs of the Jeſuits, which takes up one half of our talk, the comic opera would have it all—It is a tragical miſance in all companies as it is, and was it not for ſome ſudden ſtarts and daſhes—of Shanderiſm, which now and then either breaks the thread, or entangles it ſo, that the devil himſelf would be puzzled in winding it off——I ſhould die a martyr—this by the way I never will—

I ſend you over ſome of theſe comic operas by the bearer, with the *Sallon*, a ſatire——The French comedy, I ſeldom viſit it—they act ſcarce any thing but tragedies—and the Clairon is great, and Madile. Dumeſnil, in ſome places, ſtill greater than her—yet I cannot bear preaching—I fancy I got a ſurfeit of it in my younger days.—There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night—peace be with it, and the gentle brain which made it! I have ten thouſand things to tell you, I cannot write—I do a thouſand things which cut no figure, *but in*

the

the doing—and as in London, I have the honour of having done and ſaid a thouſand things I never did or dream'd of—and yet I dream abundantly—If the devil ſtood behind me in the ſhape of a courier, I could not write faſter than I do, having five letters more to diſpatch by the ſame Gentleman; he is going into another ſection of the globe, and when he has ſeen you, he will depart in peace.

The Duke of Orleans has ſuffered my portrait to be added to the number of ſome odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it moſt expreſſively, at full length—I purpoſe to obtain an etching of it, and to ſend it you—your prayer for me of *roſy health*, is heard—If I ſtay here for three or four months, I ſhall return more than reinſtated. My love to Mrs. G——.

I am, my dear G——

Your moſt humble Servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

Paris, April 10, 1762.

MY DEAR G——,

I SNATCH the occaſion of Mr. Wilcox, the late Biſhop of Rocheſter's ſon, leaving this place for England, to write to you, and I incloſe it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, poſſibly behind the ſcenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*, I would have ſaid *kingdom*—but here every thing is hyperbolized—and if a woman is but ſimply pleaſed 'tis *Je ſuis charmée*—and if ſhe is charmed 'tis nothing leſs, than that ſhe is *ravi*-ſh'd—and when ravi-ſh'd, which may happen, there is nothing left for her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and ſwear, qu'elle etoit toute *extaſiée*—which mode of ſpeaking, is, by the bye, here creeping into uſe, and there is ſcarce a woman who underſtands the *bon ton*, but is ſeven times in a day in downright extaſy—that is, the devil's in her—by a ſmall miſtake of one world for the other——Now, where am I got?

I have

I have been theſe two days reading a tragedy, given me by a lady of talents, to read and conjecture if it would do for you—'Tis from the plan of Diderot, and poſſibly half a tranſlation of it—The Natural Son, or, the Triumph of Virtue, in five acts—It has too much ſentiment in it, at leaſt for me, the ſpeeches too long, and ſavour too much of *preaching*—this may be a ſecond reaſon; it is not to my taſte—'Tis all love, love, love, throughout, without much ſeparation in the character; ſo I fear it would not do for your ſtage, and perhaps for the very reaſon which recommend it to a French one.—After a vile ſuſpenſion of three weeks—we are beginning with our comedies and operas again—yours I hear never flouriſhed more—here the comic actors were never ſo low—the tragedians hold up their heads—in all ſenſes. I have known *one little man* ſupport the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his ſhoulders, but Preville can't do half as much here, though Mad. Clairon ſtands by him, and ſets her back to his—ſhe is very great, however, and highly improved ſince you ſaw her—ſhe alſo ſupports her dignity at table, and has her public day every Thurſday, when ſhe *gives to eat*, as they ſay here, to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected as ſoon as the peace will let you—

theſe

theſe two laſt days you have happened to engroſs the whole converſation at two great houſes where I was at dinner—'Tis the greateſt problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the ſame man ſhould poſſeſs ſuch tragic and comic powers, and in ſuch an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two nature intended him.

Crebillion has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *perſiflage*—as ſoon as I get to Thouloufe he has agreed to write me an expoſtulatry letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy—which is to be anſwered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works—theſe are to be printed together—Crebillion againſt Sterne—Sterne againſt Crebillion—the copy to be ſold, and the money equally divided—This is good Swiſs policy.

I am recovered greatly, and if I could ſpend one whole winter at Toulouſe, I ſhould be fortified, in my inner man, beyond all danger of relapſing.—A ſad aſthma my daughter has been martyr'd with theſe three winters, but moſtly this laſt, makes it, I fear, neceſſary ſhe ſhould try the laſt remedy of a warmer and ſofter air, ſo I am going this week to Verſailles, to wait upon Count Choiſeul to ſolicit paſſports for them—If this ſyſtem takes place, they join me here—and after a month's

ſtay

ſtay we all decamp for the ſouth of France—if not, I ſhall ſee you in June next. Mr. Fox, and Mr. Macartny, having left Paris, I live altogether in French families—I laugh 'till I cry, and in the ſame tender moments *cry 'till I laugh.* I Shandy it more than ever, and verily do believe, that by mere Shandeiſm ſublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much againſt infirmities, as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear G——preſent ten thouſand of my beſt reſpects and wiſhes to and for my friend Mrs. G—— had ſhe been laſt night upon the Tulleries, ſhe would have annihilated a thouſand French goddeſſes, *in one ſingle turn.*

I am moſt truly,

my dear friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. S——, York.

Paris, ——16*th* 1762.

MY DEAR,

IT is a thouſand to one that this reaches you before you have ſet out—However I take the chance—you will receive one wrote laſt night, the moment you get to Mr. E—— and to wiſh you joy of your arrival in town —to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on—for I have almoſt drain'd my brains dry upon the ſubject.—For Gods ſake riſe early and gallop away in the cool—and always ſee that you have not forgot your baggage in changing poſt-chaiſes—You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris —give the Cuſtom-Houſe officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch ſnuff—but as tobacco is good here, you [illegible] beſt bring a Scotch mill and make it yourſelf, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—'twill keep him out of miſchief.—I would adviſe you to take three days in coming up,

up, for fear of heating yourſelves—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look ſharp —drink ſmall Rheniſh to keep you cool, that is if you like it. Live well and deny yourſelves nothing your hearts wiſh. So God in heav'n proſper and go along with you—kiſs my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame.

Paris, ——31, 1762.

MY DEAR,

THERE have no mails arrived here 'till this morning, for three poſts, ſo I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as buſy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be buſier ſtill—I have exhauſted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before and during it —ſo I write only to tell you I am well—

Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swifferland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-House-Office at Calais—it shall be sent you next post.—You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. 'Tis well I bought you a chaise—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas; for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy—the weather was never known to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel 'till nine—and not stir out again till six; but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your pass-port, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation—and write me a line directly, that I

may

may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you, when you arrive.—For my own part I ſhall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—preſent my reſpects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C—— get my viſitations at P—— done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the incloſure at Raſcal, they muſt be encloſed to me—nothing that is fairly propoſed ſhall ſtand ſtill on my ſcore. Do all for the beſt, as He who guides all things, will I hope do for us—ſo heav'n preſerve you both—believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought her a gold watch to preſent to her when ſhe comes.

LETTER XXV.

To the ſame.

Paris, —— 1762.

MY DEAR,

I KEEP my promiſe and write to you again—I am ſorry the bureau muſt be open'd for the deeds—but you will ſee it done—I

imagine you are convinced of the neceſſity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket —if you conſider, Lydia muſt have two ſlight negligees—you will want a new gown or two—as for painted linens buy them in town, they will be more admired becauſe Engliſh than French.—Mrs. H—— writes me word that I am miſtaken about buying ſilk cheaper at Toulouſe, than Paris, that ſhe adviſes you to buy what you want here—where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c.—theſe I ſay will all coſt you ſixty guineas—and you muſt have them—for in this country nothing muſt be ſpared for the back—and if you dine on an onion, and lay in a garret ſeven ſtories high, you muſt not betray it in your cloaths, according to which you are well or ill look'd on. When we are got to Toulouſe, we muſt begin to turn the penny, and we may, if you do not game much, live very cheap—I think that expreſſion will divert you—and now God knows I have not a wiſh but for your health, comfort, and ſafe arrival here—write to me every other poſt, that I may know how you go on—you will be in raptures with your chariot—Mr. R—— a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has ſeen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain.—You will wonder all the way, how I am to find

find room in it for a third—to eaſe you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coach-makers here call a cave, which is a ſecond bottom added to that you ſet your feet upon which lets the perſon, who ſits over-againſt you, down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all more room—and what is more, leſs heat—becauſe his head does not intercept the fore-glaſs little or nothing—Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns; ſometimes I ſhall take a bidet—a little poſt horſe, and ſcamper before —at other times I ſhall ſit in freſco upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will do very well.—I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhil, for accommodating me thus, and ſo genteely, for 'tis like making a preſent of it.—Mr. T——— will ſend you an order to receive it at Calais—and now, my dear girls, have I forgot any thing?

Adieu, adieu!

Yours moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to ſee every thing—and ſo long you muſt ſtay to reſt your bones.

LETTER XXVI.

To the ſame.

Paris, June 14, 1762.

MY DEAREST,

HAVING an opportunity of writing by a friend who is ſetting out this morning for London, I write again, in caſe the two laſt letters I have wrote this week to you ſhould be detained by contrary winds at Calais—I have wrote to Mr. E——, by the ſame hand, to thank him for his kindneſs to you in the handſomeſt manner I could—and have told him, his good heart, and his wife's, have made them overlook the trouble of having you at his houſe, but that if he takes you apartments near him they will have occaſion ſtill enough left to ſhew their friendſhip to us —I have begged him to aſſiſt you, and ſtand by you as if he was in my place with regard to the ſale of the Shandys—and then the copy-right—Mark to keep theſe things diſtinct in your head—but Becket I have ever found to be a man of probity, and I dare ſay you will have very little trouble in finiſhing matters with him—and I would rather wiſh you to treat

treat with him than with another man—but whoever buys the fifth and ſixth volumes of Shandy's, muſt have the nay-ſay of the ſeventh and eighth.—I wiſh, when you come here, in caſe the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleaſant to go to the Spaw for four or ſix weeks, where we ſhould live for half the money we ſhould ſpend at Paris—after that we ſhould take the ſweeteſt ſeaſon of the vintage to go to the ſouth of France—but we will put our heads together, and you ſhall juſt do as you pleaſe in this, and in every thing which depends on me—for I am a being perfectly contented, when others are pleaſed—to bear and forbear will ever be my maxim—only I fear the heats through a journey of five hundred miles for you, and my Lydia, more than for myſelf.—Do not forget the watch chains—bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewiſe, we ſhall lie under great obligations to the Abbé M—— and muſt make him ſuch a ſmall acknowledgement; according to my way of flouriſhing, 'twill be a preſent worth a kingdom to him—They have bad pins, and vile needles here—bring for yourſelf, and ſome for preſents—as alſo a ſtrong bottle-ſkrew, for whatever Scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c. to uncork us our Frontiniac—You will find a letter for you at the Lyon D'Argent—Send for your chaiſe

into the court-yard, and ſee all is tight—Buy a chain at Calais ſtrong enough not to be cut off, and let your portmanteau be tied on the forepart of your chaiſe for fear of a dog's trick —ſo God bleſs you both, and remember me to my Lydia,

I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVII.

To the ſame.

Paris, June, 1762.

MY DEAREST,

PROBABLY you will receive another letter with this, by the ſame poſt, if ſo read this the laſt—It will be the laſt you can poſſibly receive at York, for I hope it will catch you juſt as you are upon the wing—if that ſhould happen, I ſuppoſe in courſe you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters, and when theſe are ſettled to your mind, you will have got through your laſt difficulty—every thing elſe will

will be a ſtep of pleaſure, and by the time you have got half a dozen ſtages you will ſet up your pipes and ſing Te Deum together, as you whiſk it along.—Deſire Mr. C—— to ſend me a proper letter of attorney by you, he will receive it back by return of poſt. You have done every thing well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington affairs, and left things in the beſt channel—if I was not ſure you muſt have long ſince got my picture, garnets, &c. I would write and ſcold Mr. T—— abominably—he put them in Becket's hands to be forwarded by the ſtage coach to you as ſoon as he got to town.—I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come ſafe to you, and then you will ſay that I have not been a bad lad—for you will find I have been writing continually as I wiſhed you to do—Bring your ſilver coffee-pot, 'twill ſerve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead——to ſay nothing of coffee and chocolate, which, by the bye, is both cheap and good at Toulouſe, like other things—I had like to have forgot a moſt neceſſary thing, there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we ſhall find ſuch a thing the moſt comfortable utenſil in the houſe—buy a good ſtrong one, which will hold two quarts—a diſh of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey ſouth—I have

a bronze

a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry alſo, as China cannot be brought over from England, we muſt make up a villainous party-coloured tea equipage to regale ourſelves, and our Engliſh friends whilſt we are at Touloufe—I hope you have got your bill from Becket.—There is a good natured kind of a trader I have juſt heard of, at Mr. Foley's, who they think will be coming off from England to France, with horſes, the latter end of June. He happened to come over with a lady, who is ſiſter to Mr. Foley's partner, and I have got her to write a letter to him in London, this poſt, to beg he will ſeek you out at Mr. E——'s, and in caſe a cartel ſhip does not go off before he goes, to take you under his care. He was infinitely friendly in the ſame office laſt year to the lady who now writes to him, and nurſed her on ſhip-board, and defended her by land with great good-will.—Do not ſay I forgot you, or whatever can be conducive to your eaſe of mind, in this journey—I wiſh I was with you to do theſe offices myſelf, and to ſtrew roſes on your way—but I ſhall have time and occaſion to ſhew you I am not wanting—Now, my dears, once more pluck up your ſpirits —truſt in God—in me—and in yourſelves —with this, was you put to it, you would encounter all theſe difficulties ten times told—

Write

Write inſtantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears; tell me Lydia is better, and a help-mate to you—You ſay ſhe grows like me—let her ſhew me ſhe does ſo in her contempt of ſmall dangers, and fighting againſt the apprehenſions of them, which is better ſtill. As I will not have F——'s ſhare of the books, you will inform him ſo—Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to thoſe true friends which Envy has ſpared me—and for the reſt, laiſſés paſſer—You will find I ſpeak French tolerably—but I only wiſh to be underſtood.—You will ſoon ſpeak better; a month's play with a French Demoiſelle will make Lyd chatter it like a magpye. Mrs. —— underſtood not a word of it when ſhe got here, and writes me word ſhe begins to prate a pace—you will do the ſame in a fortnight—Dear Beſs, I have a thouſand wiſhes, but have a hope for every one of them—You ſhall chant the ſame *jubilate*, my dears, ſo God bleſs you. My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu, believe me

Your affectionate,

L. Sterne.

Memo-

Memorandum: Bring watch-chains, tea-kettle, knives, cookery book, &c.

You will ſmile at this laſt article—ſo adieu—At Dover the Croſs Keys, at Calais at the Lyon D'Argent—the maſter a Turk in grain.

END OF THE FIRST VOLVME.

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

Rev. Mr. LAURENCE STERNE,

To his moſt intimate FRIENDS.

WITH A

FRAGMENT in the Manner of *Rabelais.*

To which are prefix'd,

Memoirs of his Life and Family

Written by HIMSELF

And publiſhed by his Daughter, Mrs. MEDALLE,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

ALTENBURGH:
Printed for RICHTER.
1776.

LETTERS

LETTER XXVIII.

To Lady D——.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not ſend your ladyſhip the trifles you bid me purchaſe without a line. I am very well pleaſed with Paris—indeed I meet with ſo many civilities amongſt the people here that I muſt ſing their praiſes—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their compoſition, and to ſtay a little time amongſt them will be agreeable.—I ſplutter French ſo as to be underſtood—but I have had a droll adventure here in which my Latin was of ſome ſervice to me—I had hired a chaiſe and a horſe to go about ſeven miles into the country, but, *Shandean like*, did not take notice that the horſe was almoſt dead when I took him——Before I got half way the poor animal dropp'd down dead—ſo I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my ſtory in French, which was, that the poor beaſt had

to do with a worſe beaſt than himſelf, namely *his maſter*, who had driven him all the day before, Jehu like, and that he had neither had corn, or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horſe—but I might as well have whiſtled, as have ſpoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabulero—being not underſtood becauſe of it's purity, but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me juſtice—no common thing by the way in France.—My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizled.—I wiſh ſhe may ever remain a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyſhip well—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouſe, which place I ſhall ſet out for very ſoon. I am, with truth and ſincerity,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt faithful,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. E——.

Paris, July 12, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

MY wife and daughter arrived here ſafe and found on Thurſday, and are in high raptures with the ſpeed and pleaſantneſs of their journey, and particularly of all they ſee and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris, nothing has given them a more ſenſible and laſting pleaſure, than the marks of kindneſs they received from you and Mrs. E——. —The friendſhip, good will and politeneſs of my two friends I never doubted to me, or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken however the liberty of ſending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E—— muſt do me the honour to wear for my wife's ſake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the Conſul of Algiers, who ſets off to-morrow morning for London, has been ſo kind, I mean his lady, as to take charge of it; and we had but juſt time to procure it: and had we miſs'd that opportunity,

as we ſhould have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend.—I wiſh it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is any thing we can buy or procure for you here, intelligence included, you have a right to command me—for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E——.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

To T. H. S——, Eſq.

Toulouſe, Auguſt 12, 1762.

MY DEAR H——,

BY the time you have got to the end of this long letter you will perceive that I have not been able to anſwer your laſt 'till now—I have had the intention of doing it almoſt as often as my prayers in my head—'tis thus we uſe our beſt friends—what an infamous ſtory is that you have told me!—After ſome little remarks on it the reſt of my letter will go on like ſilk. ****— is a good natured old eaſy fool and has been deceived by the moſt artful

of

of her ſex, and ſhe muſt have abundance of impudence and charlatanery to have carried on ſuch a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for ſo much money—a man of ſenſe I ſhould have laughed at—My wife ſaw her when in town, and ſhe had not the appearance of poverty, but when ſhe wants to melt **** heart ſhe puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer.—But he might have been aware of her. I could not have been miſtaken in her character—and 'tis odd ſhe ſhould talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverſe—ſo good night to her.—About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris I had the ſame accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a veſſel in my lungs. It happen'd in the night, and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I ſent immediately for a ſurgeon to bleed me at both arms—this ſaved me, and with lying ſpeechleſs three days I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and in a weak after I got out—This with my weakneſs and hurrying about made me think it high time to haſte to Toulouſe.—We have had four months of ſuch heats that the oldeſt Frenchman never remembers the like—'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour—in the height of this 'twas our deſtiny, or rather deſtruction, to ſet out by way of Lyons,

Montpellier, &c. to ſhorten, I trow, our ſufferings—Good God!—but 'tis over—and here I am in my own houſe, quite ſettled by M——'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can expreſs or know how to pay at preſent—'Tis in the prettieſt ſituation in Toulouſe, with near two acres of garden—the houſe too good by half for us—well furniſhed, for which I pay thirty pounds a year.—I have got a good cook—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good looking *laquais*—The Abbé has planned our expences, and ſet us in ſuch a train, we cannot eaſily go wrong—though by the bye the D—— is ſeldom found ſleeping under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris—I took care to ſee all executed according to your directions—but Trotter, I dare ſay, by this has wrote to you—I made him happy beyond expreſſion with your crazy tales, and more ſo with its frontiſpiece.—I am in ſpirits, writing a crazy chapter—with my face turned towards thy turret—'Tis now I wiſh all warmer climates, countries, and every thing elſe at—that ſeparates me from our paternal ſeat—*ce ſera là où repoſera ma cendre—et ce ſera là où mon couſin viendra repondre les pleurs dues à notre amitié.*—I am taking aſſes milk three times a day, and cows milk as often—I long to ſee

thy

thy face again once more—greet the Col. kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to Madame and Mademoiſelle Shandy at York, who ſend all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France, and Frenchmen, but that is not enough for your affectionate couſin,

L. STERNE.

A year will tire us all out I trow, but thank heaven the poſt brings me a letter from my Anthony—I felicitate you upon what Meſſrs. the Reviewers allow you—they have too much judgement themſelves not to allow you what you are actually poſſeſs'd of, "talents, wit and humour."—Well, write on my dear couſin, and be guided by thy own fancy.—Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Caſtle!—I could like to ſpend a month with you—and ſhould return back again for the vintage.—I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental ſeat—'tis well done—I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aſpiciam?*—Now farewell—remember me to my beloved Col.—greet Panty moſt lovingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C—— and Miſs C—— &c. are at G—— greet them likewiſe with a holy kiſs—So God bleſs you.

LETTER XXXI.

To Mr. F——, at Paris.

Toulouſe, Auguſt 14, 1762.

MY DEAR F——,

AFTER many turnings, *alias* digreſſions, to ſay nothing of downright overthrows, ſtops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouſe, and are now ſettled in our houſes with ſervants, &c. about us, and look as compoſed as if we had been here ſeven years.—In our journey we ſuffered ſo much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it—I never ſaw a cloud from Paris to Niſmes half as broad as a twenty-four ſols piece.—Good God! we were toaſted, roaſted, grill'd, ſtew'd and carbonaded on one ſide or other all the way —and being all done enough, *aſſez cuits*, in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unſwept out vermin, the legal inhabitants, if length of poſſeſſion gives right, of every inn we lay at.—Can you conceive a worſe accident than that in ſuch a journey, in the hotteſt day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or ſhrub which could caſt a ſhade

ſhade of the ſize of one of Eve's fig leaves—that we ſhould break a hind wheel into ten thouſand pieces, and be obliged in conſequence to ſit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water or poſſibility of getting any—To mend the matter, my two poſtillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying—Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waiſtcoat, ſomething ſhall be done, for I'll thraſh you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horſe, and ride like two devils to the next poſt for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourſelves—Our luggage weighed ten quintals—'twas the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were aſk'd by every ſoul who paſs'd by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *vous avez raiſon mes amis*—

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and moſt deliciouſly placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent houſe well furniſh'd, and elegant beyond any thing I look'd for—'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the beſt gardens in Toulouſe, laid out in ſerpentine walks, and ſo large that the company in our quarter uſually come to walk

there in the evenings, for which they have my conſent—"the more the merrier."—The houſe conſiſts of a good *ſalle à manger* above ſtairs joining to the very great *ſalle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handſome bed-chambers with dreſſing rooms to them—below ſtairs two very good rooms for myſelf, one to ſtudy in, the other to ſee company.—I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the ſame landlord I have bargained to have the uſe of a country-houſe which he has two miles out of town, ſo that myſelf and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other—My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or leſs than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—ſo we ſhall live for very very little.—I dined yeſterday with Mr. H——— he is moſt pleaſantly ſituated, and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D———, the bookſeller was a fool not to ſend the bill along with them—I will write to him about it.—I wiſh you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghoſtly and bodily—but this, like many other wiſhes both for you and myſelf, muſt have its completion elſewhere—Adieu my kind friend, and believe

believe that I love you as much from inclination as reaſon, for

I am moſt truly yours,

L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—my beſt reſpects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that ſociety—remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER XXXII.

To J. H. S. Eſq.

Touloufe, Oct. 19, 1762.

MY DEAR H——,

I RECEIVED your letter yeſterday—ſo it has been travelling from Crazy Caſtle to Toulouſe full eighteen days—If I had nothing to ſtop me I would engage to ſet out this morning, and knock at Crazy Caſtle gates in three days leſs time—by which time I ſhould find you and the colonel, Panty, &c. all alone—the ſeaſon I moſt wiſh and like to be with you—I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins,

reins, that you have ſnatch'd ſo many happy and ſunſhiny days out of the hands of the blue devils—If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore we will give theſe gentry a drubbing—and turn them for ever out of their uſurped citadel—ſome legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this laſt campaign—and I hope to have a hand in diſperſing the remainder the firſt time my dear couſin ſets up his banners again under the ſquare tower—But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers?—"*I know thy pride and the naughtineſs of thy heart*," and thou loveſt the ſweet viſions of architraves, friezes and pediments with their tympanums, and thou haſt found out a pretence, *à raiſon de cinq cent livres ſterling* to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. ſo as not to be felt, which is always added by the D—— as a bait, to juſtify thyſelf unto thyſelf—It may be very wiſe to do this—but 'tis wiſer to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilſt there are wars without and rumours of wars within.—— St. —— adviſes his diſciples to ſell both coat and waiſtcoat—and go rather without ſhirt or ſword, than leave no money in their ſcrip, to go to Jeruſalem with——Now thoſe *quatre ans conſecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the moſt precious morſels of thy *life to come*, in this world, and thou wilt do well to enjoy

that

that morſel without cares, calculations, and curſes, and damns, and debts—for as ſure as ſtone is ſtone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance —But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have ſome time ſuppoſed it on account of your generoſity, "*that you are never to be a monied man*," the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your caſtle and line it with cedar, and paint it within ſide and without ſide with vermilion, or not—*et cela etant*, having a bottle of Frontiniac and glaſs at my right hand, I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happineſs, and to the final accompliſhments of all thy lunary and ſublunary projects.——For ſix weeks together, after I wrote my laſt letter to you, my projects were many ſtories higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world—I fell ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me—The phyſicians here are the erranteſt charlatans in Europe, or the moſt ignorant of all pretending fools—I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature—She, dear goddeſs, has ſaved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthuſiaſm now in her favour, and in my own, That one or two more eſcapes will make me believe I ſhall

leave

leave you all at laſt by tranſlation, and not by fair death. I am now ſtout and fooliſh again as a happy man can wiſh to be—and am buſy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, who I have got ſouſed over head and ears in love.—I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I truſt as I wiſh in this matter.—When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouſe—I cannot ſee I have any thing more to do with it, therefore after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I ſhall return from whence I came—Now my wife wants to ſtay another year to ſave money, and this oppoſition of wiſhes, though it will not be as ſour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as ſweet as ſugar candy.—I wiſh T—— would lead Sir Charles to Toulouſe; 'tis as good as any town in the South of France—for my own part, 'tis not to my taſte—but I believe, the ground work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French characters—little variety, no originality in it at all—than to any other cauſe—for they are very civil—but civility itſelf, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death—If I do not mind, I ſhall grow moſt ſtupid and ſententious—Miſs Shandy is hard at it with muſick, dancing, and French ſpeaking, in the laſt of which ſhe does *à merveille*, and ſpeaks it with an excellent accent, conſidering ſhe practices within

ſight

ſight of the Pyrenean Mountains.——If the ſnows will ſuffer me, I propoſe to ſpend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres, but my dear wife is againſt all ſchemes of additional expences——which wicked propenſity, though not of deſpotick power, yet I cannot ſuffer—though by the bye laudable enough—But ſhe may talk—I will do my own way, and ſhe will acquieſce without a word of debate on the ſubject.—Who can ſay ſo much in praiſe of his wife? Few I trow.—M—— is out of town vintaging—ſo write to me, *Monſieur Sterne gentilhomme Anglois*—'twill find me.—We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope—ſo write a long nonſenſical letter like this, now and then to me—in which ſay nothing but what may be ſhewn, though I love every paragraph and ſpirited ſtroke of your pen, others might not, for you muſt know a letter no ſooner arrives from England, but curioſity is upon her knees to know the contents.—Adieu dear H—— believe me,

Your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here theſe fourteen days—which has obliged us to ſit with

with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noſes—'tis a dear article—but every thing elſe being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good houſe, with *ſoupe*, *boulli*, *roti*—&c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mr. F—— at Paris.

Toulouſe, *November* 9, 1762.

MY DEAR F——,

I HAVE had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not anſwering it ſooner—and even to day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M——'s. I would not omit one poſt more acknowledging the favour—In a few poſts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love—Thank you for having done what I deſired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monſieur Brouſſe's—I receive all letters through him, more punctual and ſooner than when left at the poſt-houſe—

H——'s family greet you with mine—we are much together and never forget you—

forget

forget me not to the baron—and all the circle —nor to your domeſtic circle—

I am got pretty well, and ſport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers—ſo God help them.—I ſhall hear from you in a poſt or two at leaſt after you receive this——in the mean time dear F—— adieu, and believe no man wiſhes or eſteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the ſame.

Toulouſe, Dec. 17, 1762.

MY DEAR F——,

THE poſt after I wrote laſt—I received yours with the incloſed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks—I have received this day likewiſe the box and tea all ſafe and ſound—ſo we ſhall all of us be in our cups this Chriſtmas, and drink without fear or ſtint—We begin to live extremely

happy,

ſhall pay Brouſſe for it the day we get it—We join in our moſt friendly reſpects, and believe me, dear F——y, truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the ſame.

Toulouſe, March 29, 1762.

DEAR F——,

—THOUGH that's a miſtake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H——'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—how does Triſtram do? you ſay in yours to him—faith but ſo-ſo—the worſt of human maladies is poverty—though that is a ſecond lye—for poverty of ſpirit is worſe than poverty of purſe, by ten thouſand per cent.—I incloſe you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I inſiſt upon a reſcription by the very return—or I will ſend you and all your commiſſaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have taſted of one fleſhy banquet all this Lent—you will make an excellent *grillé*—*P*—— they can make

make nothing of him, but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—ſo ſhall ſend them a reprieve, as they acted out of neceſſity—not choice—My kind reſpects to Baron d'Holbach and all his houſhold—Say all that's kind for me to my other friends—you know how much, dear F——, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs—My wife's compliments.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the ſame.

Toulouſe, April 18, 1763.

DEAR F——,

I THANK you for your punctuality in ſending me the reſcription, and for your box by the courier, which came ſafe by laſt poſt.—I was not ſurpriſed much with your account of Lord ***** being obliged to give way—and for the reſt, all follows in courſe.—I ſuppoſe you will endeavour to fiſh and catch ſomething for yourſelf in theſe troubled

waters—at leaſt I wiſh you all a reaſonable man can wiſh for himſelf—which is wiſhing enough for you—all the reſt is in the brain.—Mr. Woodhouſe, who you know, is alſo here—he is a moſt amiable worthy man, and I have the pleaſure of having him much with me—in a ſhort time he proceeds to Italy.—The firſt week in June I decamp like a patriarch with my whole houſhold, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amuſement from the concourſe of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M——— ſets out at the ſame time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Coutray—from whence to Italy—This is the general plan of operation here—except that I have ſome thoughts of ſpending the winter at Florence, and croſſing over with my family to Leghorn by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a ſketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumſtances—ſo that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwiſe on Saturday—On all days of the week believe me yours,

With unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P. S. All compliments to my Pariſian friends.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the ſame.

Toulouſe, April 29, 1763.

MY DEAR F——,

LAST poſt my agent wrote me word he would ſend up from York a bill for fourſcore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he ſaid he would expedite immediately, ſo 'tis poſſible you may have had advice of it—and 'tis poſſible alſo the money may not be paid this fortnight, therefore as I ſet out for Bagnieres in that time, be ſo good as to give me credit for the money for a few poſts or ſo, and ſend me either a reſcription for the money, or a draught for it—at the receipt of which we ſhall decamp for ten or twelve weeks—You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which ſend alſo—So much for that—as for pleaſure—you have it all amongſt you at Paris—we have nothing here which deſerves the name.—I ſhall ſcarce be tempted to ſojourn another winter at Toulouſe—for I cannot ſay it ſuits my health, as I hoped—'tis too moiſt—and I cannot keep clear of agues here—ſo that if

I ſtay the next winter on this ſide of the water —'twill be either at Nice or Florence—and I ſhall return to England in April—Wherever I am, believe me, dear F——, that I am,

Yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiſelle preſent their beſt compliments—Remember me to all I regard, particularly Meſſrs. P——d, and the reſt of your *houſhold.*

LETTER XXXIX.

To the ſame.

Toulouſe, May 21, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

I TOOK the liberty three weeks ago to deſire you would be ſo kind as to ſend me fourſcore pounds, having received a letter the ſame poſt from my Agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correſpondent in London in a fortnight.—It is ſome diſappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, eſpecially as I told you we waited

waited for the money before we ſet out for Bagnieres,—and ſo little diſtruſt had I that ſuch a civility would be refuſed me, that we have actually had all our things pack'd up theſe eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London—but you might have truſted to my honour—that all the caſh in your iron box, and all the bankers in Europe put together, could not have tempted me to ſay the thing *that is not.*—I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London—But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would tranſmit me the money when you had received it, but no ſooner; for Mr. R—— of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the ſum.

I am, dear F——, your friend

and hearty well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

I ſaw the family of the H—— yeſterday, and aſked them if you was in the land of the living—They ſaid yea—for they had juſt re-

 ceived

ceived a letter from you.—After all I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a ſignal ſervice in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God ſend you wealth and happineſs—All compliments to—Before April next I am obliged to reviſit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER XL.

To the ſame.

Toulouſe, June 9, 1773.

MY DEAR F——,

I THIS moment received yours—conſequently the moment I got it I ſat down to anſwer it—So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you ſo teſty a letter, had I not both loved and eſteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendſhip that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cauſe; which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you:—I was the beſt friends with you that ever I was, in my life, before my letter had

had got a league, and pleaded the true excuſe for my friend, "That he was oppreſſed with a multitude of buſineſs." Go on, my dear F—— and have but that excuſe, ſo much do I regard your intereſt, that I would be content to ſuffer a *real evil* without future murmuring —but in truth, my diſappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a perſon I never ſaw, by me—but which out of a nicety of temper I would not make any uſe of—I ſet out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brouſſe, who will forward all my letters.—Dear F—— adieu.—Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLI.

To the ſame.

Toulouſe, June 12, 1763.

DEAR F——,

LUCKILY juſt before I was ſtepping into my chaiſe for Bagnieres, has a ſtrayed fifty pound bill found its way to me: ſo I have ſent

it to its lawful owner incloſed—My noodle of an agent, inſtead of getting Mr. Selwin to adviſe you he had received the money, which would have been enough, has got a bill for it, and ſent it rambling to the furtheſt part of France after me, and if it had not caught me juſt now it might have followed me into Spain, for I ſhall croſs the Pyreneans, and ſpend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon.—When I write the hiſtory of my travels—Memorandum! I am not to forget how honeſt a man I have for a banker at Paris.—But, my dear friend, when you ſay you dare truſt me for what little occaſions I may have, you have as much faith as honeſty—and more of both than of good policy.—I thank you however ten thouſand times—and except ſuch liberty as I have lately taken with you—and that too at a pinch—I ſay beyond that I will not treſpaſs upon your good nature, or friendlineſs to ſerve me.—God bleſs you, dear F——

I am yours whilſt,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

To the ſame.

Montpellier, Oct. 5, 1763.

DEAR F——,

I AM aſhamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brouſſe, your correſpondent at Toulouſe, in caſe I ſhould have occaſion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres—which as I knew the offer came from your heart I made no difficulty of accepting.—In my way through Toulouſe to Marſeilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix, particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouſe has given me a ſurfeit, we have returned here, where we ſhall reſide the winter—My wife and daughter purpoſe to ſtay a year at leaſt behind me—and when winter is over, to return to Toulouſe, or to go to Montaubon, where they will ſtay till they return, or I fetch them—For myſelf I ſhall ſet out in February for England, where my heart has been fled theſe ſix months—but I ſhall ſtay a fortnight with my friends at Paris; tho' I verily

believe,

believe, if it was not for the pleaſure of ſeeing and chattering with you, I ſhould paſs on directly to Bruſſels, and ſo on to Rotterdam, for the ſake of ſeeing Holland, and embark from thence to London—But I muſt ſtay a little with thoſe I love and have ſo many reaſons to regard—you cannot place too much of this to your own ſcore.—I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago—but I muſt like my ſubject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind.—Pray what Engliſh have you at Paris? where is my young friend Mr. F——? We hear of three or four Engliſh families coming to us here—If I can be ſerviceable to any you would ſerve, you have but to write.—Mr. H—— has ſent my friend W——'s picture—You have ſeen the original, or I would have ſent it you—I believe I ſhall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come in *propria perſona*—till when, God bleſs you my dear friend, and believe me,

Moſt faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

To the ſame.

Montpellier, Jan 5, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU ſee I cannot paſs over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you—The laſt is a periodical habit—the firſt is from my heart, and I do it oftner than I remember—however, from both motives together I maintain I have a right to the pleaſure of a ſingle line—be it only to tell me how your watch goes—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well.—You are going to have them all to yourſelf, I hear, and that Mr. S—— is true to his firſt intention of leaving buſineſs—I hope this will enable you to accompliſh yours in a ſhorter time, that you may get to your long wiſhed for retreat of tranquillity and ſilence—When you have got to your fire-ſide, and into your arm-chair, and by the by, have another to ſpare for a friend, and are ſo much a ſovereign as to ſit in

your

your furr'd cap, if you like it, tho' I ſhould not, for a man's ideas are at leaſt the cleaner for being dreſs'd decently, why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghoſt upon you—and in a very unghoſt-like faſhion help you off with a bottle of your beſt wine.

January 15.—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the moſt perfect health, ſhould be concluded in the greateſt weakneſs —I wiſh the vulgar high and low do not ſay it was a judgement upon me for taking all this liberty with *ghoſts*—Be it as it may—I took a ride when the firſt part of this was wrote towards Perenas—and returned home in a ſhivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beaſt; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixote's wooden horſe, and my arm was half diſlocated in whipping him—This quoth I is inhuman—No, ſays a peaſant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home —ſo he laid on his poſteriors, but 'twas needleſs—as his face was turn'd towards Montpellier he began to trot.—But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed—I have ſuffered in this ſcuffle with death terribly —but unleſs the ſpirit of prophecy deceive me—I ſhall not die but live—in the mean time dear F—— let us live as merrily but *as innocently* as we can—It has ever been as good, if not better, than a biſhoprick to me —and

—and *I deſire no other*—Adieu my dear friend and believe me yours,

L. STERNE.

Pleaſe to give the incloſed to Mr. T——— —and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good-will.*

LETTER XLIV.

To the ſame.

Montpellier, Jan. 20.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HEARING by Lord R———, who in paſſing through here in his way to Madrid has given me a call, that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris—I have incloſed a letter to him, which you will preſent in courſe or direct to him.—I ſuppoſe you are full of Engliſh—but in ſhort we are here as if in another world, where unleſs ſome ſtray'd ſoul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours.—Lord G———r I ſuppoſe is gone from Paris, or I had wrote alſo to him. I know you are as buſy as a bee, and have few

moments

with my little flut, I ſhall be in high ſpirits, and every ſtep I take that brings me nearer England, will I think help to ſet this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me directed to Mr. F—— at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over.—How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourſelf.—My wife chuſes to go to Montauban, rather than ſtay here, in which I am truely paſſive.—If this ſhould not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wiſh to fulfill your commiſſions—and ſo adieu—Accept every warm wiſh for your health, and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My phyſicians have almoſt poiſoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichiſſants* —'tis a cock ſlead alive and boiled with poppy ſeeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards paſs'd through a ſieve—There is to be one craw-fiſh in it, and I was gravely told it muſt be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

To Miſs S——.

Paris, May 15, 1764.

MY DEAR LYDIA,

BY this time I ſuppoſe your mother and ſelf are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.—I acquieſced in your ſtaying in France—likewiſe it was your mother's wiſh—but I muſt tell you both, that unleſs your health had not been a plea made uſe of, I ſhould have wiſhed you both to return with me.—I have ſent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metaſtaſio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amuſement.—I hope you have not forgot my laſt requeſt, to make no friendſhips with the French-women—not that I think ill of them all, but ſometimes women of the beſt principles are the moſt *inſinuating*—nay I am ſo jealous of you that I ſhould be miſerable were I to ſee you had the leaſt grain of coquettry in your compoſition.—You have enough to do—for I have alſo ſent you a guittar—and as you have no genius for drawing, though

you never could be made to believe it, pray waſte not your time about it—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in ſhort whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatiſm continues and ſhe chooſes to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be ſtopped for want of money, for my purſe ſhall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the ambaſſador's chapel—Hezekiah—an odd ſubject your mother will ſay. There was a concourſe of all nations, and religions too.—I ſhall leave Paris in a few days—I am lodged in the ſame hotel with Mr. T——— they are good and generous ſouls—Tell your mother that I hope ſhe will write to me, and that when ſhe does ſo, I may alſo receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiſs your mother from me, and believe me,

Your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVII.

York, Auguſt 6, 1764.

MY DEAR F———,

THERE is a young lady with whom I have ſent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy—her name is Miſs Tuting;

Tuting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom—if you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c. your good nature and politeneſs, I am ſure need no ſpur from me to do it. I was ſorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilſt in London, for we were never able to be both reſident together the month I continued in and about the environs.—If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly ſee me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon every thing in this world to health and to my friends—for the laſt ſermon that I ſhall ever preach, was preach'd at Paris—ſo I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is better. I ſent, laſt poſt, twenty pounds to Mrs. S—— which makes a hundred pounds remitted, ſince I got here—You muſt pay yourſelf what I owe you out of it—and place the reſt to account.—Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. S—— will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis—but not more—I think, I having left her a hundred in her pocket.—But you ſhall always have money beforehand of mine—and ſhe purpoſes to ſpend no further than five thouſand livres in the year —but twenty pound, this way or that, makes no difference between us—Give my kindeſt compliments to Mr. P——. I have a thou-

ſand things to ſay to you, and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear.—The Meſſrs. T——, H——, &c. and many more of your friends with whom I am now, ſend their ſervices—Mine to all friends——Yours, dear F—— moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVIII.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

September 4, 1764.

NOW, my dear, dear Anthony—I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow, at this very time, at Scarborough ſo abominable a thing—but if a man could get there cleverly, and every ſoul in his houſe in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to conſult in this affair——therefore as a man may do worſe things, the Engliſh of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor ſheep here in the wilderneſs for fourteen days—and from pride and naughtineſs of heart to go ſee what is doing at Scarborough—ſtedfaſtly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and ſtrengthen my

my faith.—Now ſome folks ſay there is much company there—and ſome ſay not—and I believe there is neither the one or the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or ſo.—No, my dear H——— I did not delay ſending your letter directly to the poſt—As there are critical times or rather turns and revolutions in **** humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will anſwer for him, he has ſeventy times ſeven forgiven you—and as often wiſh'd you at the d———l.—After many oſcillations the pendulum will reſt firm as ever.—

I ſend all kind compliments to Sir C——— D——— and G———s—I love them from my ſoul—If G———t is with you, him alſo.—I go on, not rapidly, but well enough with my uncle Toby's amours—There is no ſitting, and cudgeling ones brains whilſt the ſun ſhines bright—'twill be all over in ſix or ſeven weeks, and there are diſmal months enow after to endure ſuffocation by a brimſtone fire-ſide.—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes ſix tons of alum a week, may do any thing—Lord G———y is to be there—what a temptation!

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

To Mr. F—— at Paris.

York, September 29, 1764.

MY DEAR F——,

I HAVE juſt had the honour of a letter from Miſs T——, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind ſervices to her; I will not believe theſe aroſe from the D—— of A——'s letters, nor mine. Surely *ſhe needed no* recommendation — the trueſt and moſt honeſt compliment I can pay you, is to ſay they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object—for the reſt followed in courſe—However let me caſt in my mite of thanks to the treaſury which belongs to good natured actions. I have been with Lord G——y theſe three weeks at Scarborough—the pleaſures of which I found ſomewhat more exalted than thoſe of Bagnieres laſt year—I am now returned to my Philoſophical Hut to finiſh Triſtram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Chriſtmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head quarters at London for the winter—unleſs

leſs my cough puſhes me forwards to your Metropolis—or that I can perſuade ſome *grey* my Lord to take a trip to you—I'll try if I can make him reliſh the joys of the *Tuileries*, *Opera Comique*, &c.

I had this week a letter from Mrs. S—— from Montauban, in which ſhe tells me ſhe has occaſion for fifty pounds immediately—Will you ſend an order to your correſpondent at Montauban to pay her ſo much caſh—and I will in three weeks ſend as much to Becket—But as her purſe is low, for God's ſake write directly.—Now you muſt do ſomething equally eſſential—to rectify a miſtake in the mind of your correſpondent there, who it ſeems gave her a hint not long ago, "*that ſhe was ſeparated from me for life.*—Now as this is not true in the firſt place, and may give a diſadvantageous impreſſion of her to thoſe ſhe lives amongſt—'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, ſuffer by it; ſo do be ſo good as to undeceive him—for in a year or two ſhe propoſes, and indeed I expect it with impatience from her, to rejoin me—and tell them I have all the confidence in the world ſhe will not ſpend more than I can afford, and I only mention'd two hundred guineas a year—becauſe 'twas right to name ſome certain ſum, for which I beg'd you to give her credit.—I write to you of all my moſt intimate concerns,

as

as to a brother, ſo excuſe me dear F——. God bleſs you—Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, d'Holbach, &c.

LETTER L.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

Coxwould, —— Thurſday.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I AM but this moment return'd from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever ſince the races, and have received marvellous ſtrength, had I not debilitated it as faſt as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord G——y and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I ſuppoſe you are decamp'd—otherwiſe as idle a beaſt as I have been, I would have ſacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly

jolly ſet.—I have done nothing good that I know of, ſince I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way through York hither—I muſt try now and do better—Go on, and proſper for a month,

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

To Mr. F—— at Paris.

York, November 11, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SENT ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this poſt one of ſixty—When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what ſhall always keep you in bank for Mrs. S——; in the mean time I have deſired Becket to ſend you fourſcore pounds, and if my wife, before I get to London, ſhould have occaſion for fifty louis let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight I know will break no ſquares with a good and worthy friend.—I will contrive to ſend you theſe two

new

new volumes of Triſtram, as ſoon as ever I get them from the preſs.—You will read as odd a tour through France as ever was projected or executed by traveller, or travel-writers ſince the world began—'Tis a laughing good temper'd ſatyr againſt travelling, as *puppies* travel, Panchaud will enjoy it—I am quite civil to your Pariſians—*et pour cauſe* you know—'tis likely I may ſee them in ſpring—Is it poſſible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If ſo I would write to Mademoiſelle N—— to make as good a copy from it as ſhe poſſibly could—with a view to do her ſervice here—and I would remit her the price—I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if ſhe executes it with the ſpirit of the original in your hands—for it will be ſeen by many—and as my phiz is as remarkable as myſelf, if ſhe preſerves the true character of both, it will do her honour and ſervice too.—Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy—Will you preſent my kind reſpects to the worthy Baron—I ſhall ſend him one of the beſt impreſſions of my picture from Mr. Reynolds's——another to Monſieur P——. My love to Mr. S——n and P——d.

I am moſt truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

November 13, 1764.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

'TIS a church militant week with me, full of marches, and countermarches—and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to incloſe—otherwiſe I would have obey'd your ſummons—and yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having received a letter from C——, who has been very ill; and is coming down to ſtay a week or ten days with me.—Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his ſoul for a ſight of you in your own caſtle.—I cannot do otherwiſe, than bring him with me—nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty houſe to pay a viſit to from London, as he comes half expreſs to ſee me.—I thank you for the care of my northern vintage—I fear after all I muſt give it a fermentation on the other ſide of the Alps, which is better than being on the lees with it—but *nous verrons*—yet I fear as it has got ſuch hold of my brain and comes upon it like

an

an armed man at nights—I muſt give way for quietneſs ſake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long.—I have been *Miſs-ridden* this laſt week by a couple of romping girls, *bien miſes et comme il faut*, who might as well have been in the houſe with me, though perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them, but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted.—Theſe things accord not well with ſermon making—but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho ſays, and that is all that can be made of it.—I truſt all goes ſwimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuſe you, and call you twice out, at leaſt, a day.—I ſhall ſee them I truſt in ten days, or thereabout—If it was any way poſſible, I would ſet out this moment, though I have no cavalry—*except a ſhe aſs*. Give all friendly reſpects to Mrs. C—— and to Col. H——'s and the garriſon, both of Guiſbro and Skelton.—I am, dear Anthony, affectionately

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

To Mr. F—— at P——.

York, November 16, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THREE poſts before I had the favour of yours, which is come to hand this moment, I had wrote to ſet Mrs. S—— right in her miſtake —That you had any money of mine in your hands—being very ſenſible that the hundred pounds I had ſent you, thro' Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you —The reaſon of her error was owing to my writing her word, I would ſend you a bill in a poſt or two for fifty pounds—which, my finances falling ſhort juſt then, I deferr'd—ſo that I had paid nothing to any one—but was however come to York this day, and I have ſent you a draught for a hundred pounds—in honeſt truth a fortnight ago I had not the caſh——but I am as honeſt as the king, as Sancho Pança ſays, *only not ſo rich.*

Therefore if Mrs. S—— ſhould want thirty louis more, let her have them——and I will balance all, which will not be much, with honour at Chriſtmas, when I ſhall be in London,

don, having now juſt finiſh'd my two volumes of Triſtram.—I have ſome thoughts of going to Italy this year—at leaſt I ſhall not defer it above another.—I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne, but am now ſat down till December in my ſweet retirement —I wiſh you was ſat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares.—In a few years, my dear F——— I hope to ſee you a real country gentleman, though not altogether exiled from your friends in London—there I ſhall ſpend every winter of my life, in the ſame lap of contentment, where I enjoy myſelf now —and wherever I go—we muſt bring three parts in four of the treat along with us—In ſhort we muſt be happy within—and then few things without us make much difference——— This is my Shandean philoſophy.—You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais through Paris to the Garonne, in theſe volumes—my friends tell me they are done with ſpirit—it muſt ſpeak for itſelf—Give my kind reſpects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud—When you ſee Baron d'Holbach, preſent him my reſpects, and believe me, dear F———,

Your's cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

To D. G——, Eſq.

London, March 16, 1765.

DEAR G——,

I Threatened you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I lead ſuch a life of diſſipation I have never had a moment to myſelf which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another—and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unleſs I take pen and ink juſt now, I ſhall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teized and tormented too much by your correſpondents, to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you—ſo that I will not magnify either our loſs or yours—but hope cordially to ſee you ſoon.—Since I wrote laſt I have frequently ſlept into your houſe—that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party, where I dined, along with me—This was but juſtice to you, as I walk'd in as a wit—but with regard to myſelf, I balanced

the account thus——I am ſometimes in my friend ——'s houſe, but he is always in Triſtram Shandy's—where my friends ſay he will continue, and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality, even when he himſelf is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here—Shandy ſells well—I am taxing the publick with two more volumes of ſermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy—It goes into the world with a prancing liſt of *toute la nobleſſe*—which will bring me in three hundred pounds, excluſive of the ſale of the copy—ſo that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penſer* has ever impreſs'd on me, I ſhall be rich in ſpite of myſelf: but I ſcorn you muſt know, in the high *ton* I take at preſent, to pocket all this traſh—I ſet out to lay a portion of it in the ſervice of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I ſhall ſpring game, or the duce is in the dice.—In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myſelf of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and ſo ſaunter philoſophically for a year or ſo, on the other ſide the Alps.—I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. G—— and yourſelf back *à la fleur de jeuneſſe*—May you both long feel the ſweets of it, and your friends with you.—Do, dear friend, make

my

my kindeſt wiſhes and compliments acceptable to the beſt and wiſeſt of the daughters of Eve —You ſhall ever believe and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LV.

To D. G——, Eſq.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you!—my dear G——! my dear friend!—foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and ſo full was I of that very ſentiment, that my letter had not been put into the poſt-office ten minutes, before my heart ſmote me; and I ſent to recall it—but failed—You are ſadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my falſe delicacy in the affair—G——'s nerves, if he has any left, are as fine and delicately ſpun, as thy own—his ſentiments as honeſt and friendly—thou knoweſt, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-aſs, &c. &c.—and ſo I balanced the account to your

favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way*—I ſay *your way*—for it is not ſtated ſo much to your honour and credit, as I had paſſed the account before—for it was a moſt lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendſhip meant me, except whilſt in Paris.—O! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you and the thouſands who admire you.—The moment you ſet your foot upon your ſtage—mark! I tell it you—by ſome magic, irreſiſted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afreſh, and as ſtrong and feelingly as ever—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world theſe many, many, many years.

Heaven be praiſed! I utter it from my ſoul, that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windſor—full rapturouſly will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will ſacrifice with the pureſt incenſe to her—but you may worſhip with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—ſtill, after all I have ſeen, I ſtill maintain her peerleſs.

P——! good Heav'n!—give me ſome one with leſs ſmoke and more fire—There are who,

who, like the Phariſees, ſtill think they ſhall be heard for *much* ſpeaking—Come—come away my dear G—— and teach us another leſſon.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorſically—but moſt ſentimentally and affectionately——for I am yours, that is if you never ſay another word about ——, with all the ſentiments of love and friendſhip you deſerve from me,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVI.

Bath, April 15, 1765.

MY DEAR F——,

MY wife tells me ſhe has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you ſhould be paid it that minute—the money is now in Becket's hands—ſend me, my dear F—— my account, that I may diſcharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands.—I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the literati—my two volumes of Triſtram, and two of ſermons, which I ſhall print very ſoon, will bring me

a conſiderable ſum.—Almoſt all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and 'tis thought it will be the largeſt, and moſt ſplendid liſt which ever pranced before a book, ſince ſubſcriptions came into faſhion.—Pray preſent my moſt ſincere compliments to lady H——— whoſe name I hope to inſert with many others.—As ſo many men of genius favour me with their names alſo, I will quarrel with Mr. H———e, and call him deiſt, and what not, unleſs I have his name too.—My love to Lord W———.—Your name, F——— I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours —your liſt of ſubſcribers you will ſend—'tis but a crown for ſixteen ſermons—Dog cheap! but I am in queſt of honour, not money.——— Adieu, adieu,—believe me, dear F———,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVII.

To Mr. W———.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment am I ſitting in my ſummer houſe with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman,

man, but my ſermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a penſive mood—the ſpirit of it *pleaſeth me*—but in this ſolitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myſelf—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you, at leaſt, of the ſpleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myſelf muſt ever have ſome dulcinea in my head—it harmoniſes the ſoul—and in thoſe caſes I firſt endeavour to make the lady believe ſo, or rather I begin firſt to make myſelf believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, ſentimentally—"*l'amour*" ſay they, "*n'eſt rien ſans ſentiment*"—Now notwithſtanding they make ſuch a pother about the *word*, they have no preciſe idea annex'd to it—And ſo much for that ſame ſubject called love—I muſt tell you how I have juſt treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter—Without any ceremony, having got my direction from my wife's banker, he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and deſired to know what *fortune* I would give her at preſent, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *ſentiment* on *his ſide*—My anſwer was "Sir, I ſhall give her ten thouſand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—ſhe is not eighteen, you are ſixty-two—there goes five thouſand

pounds—then Sir, you at leaſt think her not ugly—ſhe has many accompliſhments, ſpeaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and as I fear you play upon no inſtrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finiſhes the account of the ten thouſand pounds"—I do not ſuppoſe but he will take this as I mean, that is—a flat refuſal,—I have had a parſonage houſe burnt down by the careleſsneſs of my curate's wife —as ſoon as I can I muſt rebuild it, I trow —but I lack the means at preſent—yet I am never happier than when I have not a ſhilling in my pocket—for when I have I can never call it my own. Adieu my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better ſpirits, for that is impoſſible.

Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE,

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

To Mr. F—— at Paris.

York, July 13, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WROTE ſome time in ſpring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was ſet out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him—which poſſibly he gave you. In the hurry of your buſineſs you might forget the contents of it; and in the hurry of mine in town, tho' I called once, I could not get to ſee you. I decamp for Italy in September, and ſhall ſee your face at Paris, you may be ſure—but I ſhall ſee it with more pleaſure when I am out of debt—which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpoſe.——Do ſend Mrs. Sterne her two laſt volumes of Triſtram; they arrived with your's in ſpring, and ſhe complains ſhe has not got them.—My beſt ſervices to Mr. Panchaud.—I am buſy compoſing two volumes of ſermons—they will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring them with me.

Your

of adding a ſingle drop to the ſtream of ſorrow. —As for the dirty traſh of this world, I regard it not—the loſs of it does not coſt me a ſigh, for after all, I may ſay with the Spaniſh Captain, that I am as good a gentleman as the king, only not quite ſo rich.

But to the point: Shall I expect you here this ſummer?—I much wiſh that you may make it convenient to gratify me in a viſit for a few weeks—I will give you a roaſt fowl for your dinner, and a clean table-cloth every day—and tell you a ſtory by way of deſert —in the heat of the day we will ſit in the ſhade—and in the evening the faireſt of all the milk-maids who paſs by my gate, ſhall weave a garland for you.—If I ſhould not be ſo fortunate, contrive to meet me the beginning of October—I ſhall ſtay a fortnight after, and then ſeek a kindlier climate.—This plaguy cough of mine ſeems to gain ground, and will bring me to my grave in ſpight of me—but while I have ſtrength to run away from it I will—I have been wreſtling with it for theſe twenty years paſt—and what with laughter and good ſpirits, have prevented its giving me a fall—but my antagoniſt preſſes cloſer than ever upon me—and I have nothing left on my ſide but another journey abroad—A-propos—are you for a ſcheme of that ſort? if not, perhaps you will accompany me as far as Dover, that

that we may laugh together on the beach, to put Neptune in a good humour before I embark—God bleſs you, my dear Madam,—and believe me ever your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LX.

To Mr. W——.

Coxwould, December 20, 1765.

THANKS, my dear W—— for your letter—I am juſt preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town—I have drained my ink ſtandiſh to the bottom, and after I have publiſhed, ſhall ſet my face, not towards Jeruſalem, but towards the Alps—I find I muſt once more fly from death whilſt I have ſtrength—I ſhall go to Naples and ſee whether the air of that place will not ſet this poor frame to rights—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myſelf—and however profitable it might be, according to your opinion, I am ſure it would be unpleaſurable—Few

are

are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being.—I ſhall ſpend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return—ſo ſhall be back by the King's birth-day—what a project!—and now my dear friend am I going to York, not for the ſake of ſociety—nor to walk by the ſide of the muddy Ouſe, but to recruit myſelf of the moſt violent ſpitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; becauſe I had rather, in caſe 'tis ordained ſo, die there, than in a poſt-chaiſe on the road.—If the amour of my uncle Toby do not pleaſe you, I am miſtaken—and ſo with a droll ſtory I will finiſh this letter—A ſenſible friend of mine, with whom not long ago, I ſpent ſome hours in converſation, met an apothecary, an acquaintance of ours,—the latter aſked him how he did? why, ill, very ill—I have been with Sterne, who has given me ſuch a doſe of *Attic ſalt* that I am in a fever—Attic ſalt, Sir, Attic ſalt! I have Glauber ſalt—I have Epſom ſalt in my ſhop, &c.—Oh! I ſuppoſe 'tis ſome French ſalt—I wonder you would truſt his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himſelf—I fancy I ſee you ſmile—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there—and ſhall enjoy myſelf a week or ten days at Paris with my friends,

parti-

particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the reſt of the joyous ſet—As to the females—no I will not ſay a word about them—only I hate borrowed characters taken up, as a woman does her ſhift, for the purpoſe ſhe intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu—I am yours whilſt

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. F——, at Paris.

London, October 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a perriwig to a man's head! In ſeven days from the date of this, I ſhould be in that caſe, unleſs you tell your neighbour Madame Requiere to get her *bon mari de me faire une peruque à bourſe, au mieux—c'eſt à dire—une la plus extraordinaire—la plus jolie—la plus gentille—et la plus—*

—Mais qu'importe? jai l'honneur d'etre grand critique—et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de peruques—and in one word that he gets it done in five days after notice—

I beg

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend, and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next poſt.—If my friend Mr. F—— is in Paris—my kind love to him and reſpects to all others—in ſad haſte—

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands ſix hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at ſight, according as either Mrs. S—— or myſelf make it expedient.

LETTER LXII.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

Beau Pont Voiſin, November 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I FORGOT to deſire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me againſt I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may ſtay at Turin, &c. &c. at preſent I am held priſoner in this town

town by the ſudden ſwelling of two pitiful rivulets from the ſnows melting on the Alps—ſo that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons—for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myſelf, ſhall languiſh in this ſtate of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth ſurely know, for it rains as if they were coming together to ſettle the matter.—I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and ſupping every day at the commandant's—Lord F. W—— I left there, and about a dozen Engliſh—If you ſee lord Offory, lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawfurd, remember me to them—if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I ſend him all kind wiſhes—preſent my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miſs P——, and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIII.

To the ſame.

Turin, November 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER many difficulties I have got here ſafe and ſound—though eight days in paſſing the mountains of Savoy.—I am ſtopped here for ten days by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains—but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houſes already—Tomorrow I am to be preſented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I ſhall have my hands full of engagements.—No Engliſh here but Sir James Macdonald who meets with much reſpect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and ſhall depart in peace together—My kind ſervices to all—pray forward the incloſed——

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

To the ſame.

Turin, November 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I AM juſt leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c.—We have ſpent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours—and with regret do we both bid adieu—but health on my ſide—and good ſenſe on his—ſay 'tis better to be at Rome—you ſay at Paris—but you put variety out of the queſtion.—I intreat you to forward the incloſed to Mrs. Sterne—My compliments to all friends, more particularly to thoſe I moſt value, that includes Mr. F—— if he is at Paris.

I am yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXV.

To the ſame.

Florence, December 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been a month paſſing the plains of Lombardy—ſtopping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been three days in croſſing a part of the Apennines covered with thick ſnow—Sad tranſition!—I ſtay here three days to dine with our Plenipo Lords T——d and C——r, and in five days ſhall tread the Vatican and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon. —I ſtay but fourteen days to pay theſe civilities, and then decamp for Naples.—Pray ſend the incloſed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

To Miſs S——.

Naples, February 3, 1766.

MY DEAR GIRL,

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry—Sorry am I that you are both ſo afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wiſh you both to fly from Tours, becauſe I remember it is ſituated between two rivers, la Loire, and le Cher—which muſt occaſion fogs, and damp unwholeſome weather —therefore for the ſame reaſon go not to Bourges en Breſſe—'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myſelf infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at leaſt ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a ſtranger to—but truſt me, my Lydia, I will find you out wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have ſome idea where you will be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable, I

ſhall ever honour her—Mr. C—— is a diverting companion—what he ſaid of your little French admirer was truly droll—the Marquis de —— is an impoſtor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother —I deſire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C—— that I may diſcharge every debt, and then my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen ſhall be yours—If fate reſerves me not that—the humane and good, part for thy father's ſake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!—If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your ſummers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—your winters at York—you know my publications call me to London.—If Mr. and Mrs. C—— are ſtill at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchaſed you ſome little trifles, which I ſhall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from

Your fond father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr. F—— at Paris.

Naples, February 8, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I DESIRE Mrs. S—— may have what caſh ſhe wants—if ſhe has not received it before now: ſhe ſends me word ſhe has been in want of caſh theſe three weeks—be ſo kind as to prevent this uneaſineſs to her—which is doubly ſo to me.—I have made very little uſe of your letters of credit, having ſince I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty Louis at Turin, as much at Rome—and a few ducats here—and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I ſhall draw for little more till my return—ſo you will have always enough to ſpare for my wife.—The beginning of March be ſo kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with.—

There are a good many Engliſh here, very few in Rome, or other parts of Italy.—The air of Naples agrees very well with me—I

ſhall return fat—my friendſhip to all who honour me with theirs—Adieu my dear friend —I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVIII.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

Naples, February 5, 1766.

MY DEAR H——,

'TIS an age ſince I have heard from you —but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it, as I wiſh it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and ſpirits, and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, ſleek, and well liking—not improving in ſtature, but in breadth.—We have a jolly carnival of it—nothing but operas—punchinellos—feſtinos and maſquerades—We, that is *nous autres*, are all dreſſing out for one this night at the Princeſs Francavivalla, which is to be ſuperb.—The Engliſh dine with her, excluſive,

excluſive, and ſo much for ſmall chat—except that I ſaw a little comedy acted laſt week with more expreſſion and ſpirit, and true character than I ſhall ſee one haſtily again.—I ſtay here till the holy week, which I ſhall paſs at Rome, where I occupy myſelf a month —My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence—and then by Leghorn to Marſeilles directly home—but am diverted from this by the repeated propoſals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and ſo by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England—'tis with Mr. E——— I have known him theſe three years, and have been with him ever ſince I reach'd Rome; and as I know him to be a good hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it anſwer both his views and mine—at leaſt I am perſuaded we ſhall return home together, as we ſet out, with friendſhip and good will.—Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does—to get me a letter of recommendation to our ambaſſador, Lord Stormont at Vienna, I have not the honour to be known to his lordſhip, but Lords P——— or H———, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will coſt my

couſin

couſin little trouble, do incloſe it in your next letter to me at Belloni,—You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a moſt ſharp winter, if one may judge of it from the ſeverity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known till within theſe three weeks here, that the ſun has been as hot as we could bear it.—Give my kind ſervices to my friends—eſpecially to the houſhold of faith—my dear Garland—to Gilbert—to the worthy Colonel—to Cardinal S——, to my fellow labourer Pantagruel—dear couſin Antony, receive my kindeſt love and wiſhes.

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Upon ſecond thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W—— banker at Venice.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

Naples, February 14, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE laſt week to you, to deſire you would let Mrs. S—— have what money ſhe wanted—it may happen as that letter went incloſed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this firſt—I have made little uſe of your letters of credit, as you will ſee by that letter, nor ſhall I want much, if any, till you ſee me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman—however as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spaw, I ſhould be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon ſome one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis—but I am perſuaded I ſhall not want half of them—however in caſe of ſickneſs or accidents, one would not go ſo long a rout without money in one's pocket.—The bankers here are not ſo conſcientious as my friend P—— they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a letter here.—I beg your letters, &c. may be incloſed to Mr. Watſon

ſon at Venice—where we ſhall be in the Aſcenſion.—I have received much benefit from the air of Naples—but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week.—There are about five and twenty Engliſh here—but moſt of them will be decamp'd in two months—there are ſcarce a third of the number at Rome—I ſuppoſe therefore that Paris is full—my warmeſt wiſhes attend you—with my love to Mr. F—— and compliments to all—I am, dear Sir, very faithfully,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the houſe with me, and is juſt recovering a long and moſt cruel fit of the rheumatiſm.

LETTER LXX.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

May 25, *near Dijon.*

DEAR ANTONY,

MY deſire of ſeeing both my wife and girl has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Counteſs of M——, where

where I have been patriarching it theſe ſeven days with her ladyſhip, and half a dozen of very handſome and agreeable ladies—her ladyſhip has the beſt of hearts—a valuable preſent not given to every one.—To morrow, with regret, I ſhall quit this agreeable circle, and poſt it night and day to Paris, where I ſhall arrive in two days, and juſt wind myſelf up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais—ſo I hope to ſup with you the king's birth day, according to a plan of ſixteen days ſtanding.—Never man has been ſuch a wild-gooſe chace after a wife as I have been—after having ſought her in five or ſix different towns, I found her at laſt in *Franche Comte*.—Poor woman! ſhe was very cordial, &c. and begs to ſtay another year or ſo—my Lydia pleaſes me much—I found her greatly improved in every thing I wiſh'd her—I am moſt unaccountably well, and moſt accountably nonſenſical—'tis at leaſt a proof of good ſpirits, which is a ſign and token given me in theſe latter days that I muſt take up again the pen.—In faith I think I ſhall die with it in my hand, but I ſhall live theſe ten years, my Antony, notwithſtanding the fears of my wife, whom I left moſt melancholy on that account.—This is a delicious part of the world; moſt celeſtial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the graſs—and that is the whole

of

of it, except the inner man, for her ladyſhip is not ſtingy of her wine, is inſpired twice a day with the beſt Burgundy that grows upon the mountains, which terminate our lands here. —Surely you will not have decamp'd to Crazy Caſtle before I reach town.—The ſummer here is ſet in good earneſt—'tis more than we can ſay for Yorkſhire—I hope to hear a good tale of your alum works—have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, ſo God proſper you—and all your undertakings.—I am, my dear couſin,

Moſt affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Col. &c. &c. &c.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

York, June 28, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE laſt week to Mr. Becket to diſcharge the balance due to you—and I have receiv'd a letter from him telling me, that if you will draw upon him for one hundred

dred and ſixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order—ſo ſend the draughts when you pleaſe—Mrs. S—— writes me word, ſhe wants fifty pounds—which I deſire you will let her have—I will take care to remit it to your correſpondent—I have ſuch an entire confidence in my wife, that ſhe ſpends as little as ſhe can, though ſhe is confined to no particular ſum—her expences will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unleſs by ill health, or a journey—and I am very willing ſhe ſhould have it—and you may rely, in caſe it ever happens that ſhe ſhould draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand ſhall be punctually paid—and with proper thanks; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to ſtand ſecurity.—'Tis impoſſible to tell you how ſorry I was that my affairs hurried me ſo quick through Paris, as to deprive me of ſeeing my old friend Mr. F—— and of the pleaſure I propoſed in being made known to his better half—but I have a probability of ſeeing him this winter.—Adieu dear Sir, and believe me

Moſt cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Mrs.

upon Mr. Becket for it, as he owes me nothing, but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin.——A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for ſix weeks, about Chriſtmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. Germain—I ſhould like much to be with you for ſo long—and if my wife ſhould grow worſe, having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's laſt, I cannot think of her being without me—and however expenſive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to adminiſter conſolation to both her and my poor girl—Wherever I am, believe me

Dear Sir, yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. F——: tho' I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I ſee no reaſon why I may not preſent all due reſpects to the better half of ſo old a friend, which I do by theſe preſents—with my friendlieſt wiſhes to Miſs P——.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIV.

To Mr. F—— at Paris.

Coxwould, Oct. 25, 1766.

MY DEAR F——,

I DESIRED you would be ſo good as to remit to Mrs. S—— fifty louis, a month ago —I dare ſay you have done it—but her illneſs muſt have coſt her a good deal—therefore having paid the laſt fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to ſend her thirty guineas more—for which I ſend a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this poſt—but ſurely had I not done ſo, you would not ſtick at it—for be aſſured, my dear F—— that the firſt Lord of the Treaſury is neither more able or more willing, nor perhaps half ſo punctual, in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books.—My daughter ſays her mother is very ill—and I fear going faſt down by all accounts—'tis melancholy in her ſituation to want any aid that is in my power to give—do write to her—and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel,

Yours very truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXV.

To the ſame.

York, November 25, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I JUST received yours—and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you—Thus far all goes well—I have received a letter from my daughter with the pleaſing tidings that ſhe thinks her mother out of danger—and that the air of the country is delightful, excepting the winds, but the deſcription of the Chateau my wife has hired is really pretty—on the ſide of the Fountain of Vaucluſe—with ſeven rooms of a floor, half furniſhed with tapeſtry, half with blue taffety, the permiſſion to fiſh, and to have game; ſo many partridges a week, &c. and the price—gueſs! ſixteen guineas a year—there's for you P———about the latter end of next month my wife will have occaſion for a hundred guineas—and pray be ſo good, my dear ſir, as to give orders that ſhe may not be diſappointed—ſhe is going to ſpend the Carnival at Marſeilles at Chriſtmas—I ſhall be in London by Chriſtmas week, and then ſhall balance this remittance

to

to Mrs. S—— with Mr. S—— —I am going to ly in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town—I hope you wiſh me a ſafe delivery—I fear my friend Mr. F—— will have left town before I get there—Adieu dear Sir—I wiſh you every thing in this world which will do you good, for I am with unfeigned truth,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron d'Holbach—Miſs P—— &c. &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

London, February 13, 1767.

DEAR P——,

I PAID yeſterday, by Mr. Becket, a hundred guineas, or pounds I forget which, to Mr. Selwin—But you muſt remit to Mrs. S—— at Marſeilles a hundred louis before ſhe leaves that place, which will be in leſs

than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy?—'tis liked the beſt of all here.—I am going to publiſh a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy—the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our nobleſſe—'tis ſubſcribed for, at a great rate—'twill be an original—in large quarto—the ſubſcription half a guinea—If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of ſcience, or faſhion, I ſhall thank you—they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almoſt have honoured me with their names.—My kindeſt remembrance to Mr. F—— reſpects to Baron d'Holbach, and believe me ever ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVII.

To Miſs S——.

Old Bond-ſtreet, February 23, 1767.

AND ſo, my Lydia! thy mother and thyſelf are returning back again from Marſeilles to the banks of the Sorgue—and there thou wilt ſit and fiſh for trouts—I envy you the ſweet ſituation.—Petrarch's tomb I ſhould like to pay a ſentimental viſit to—— ——the Fountain

tain of Vaucluſe, by thy deſcription, muſt be delightful—I am alſo much pleaſed with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade—you find great comfort in ſuch a neighbour—I am glad he is ſo good as to correct thy translation of my Sermons—dear girl go on, and make me a preſent of thy work—but why not the Houſe of Mourning? 'tis one of the beſt. I long to receive the life of Petrarch, and his Laura, by your Abbé, but I am out of all patience with the anſwer the Marquis made the Abbé—'twas truly coarſe, and I wonder he bore it with any chriſtian patience —But to the ſubject of your letter—I do not wiſh to know who was the buſy fool, who made your mother uneaſy about Mrs. ——— 'tis true I have a friendſhip for her, but not to infatuation—I believe I have judgment enough to diſcern hers, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her anſwer—"that ſhe wiſhed not to be informed, and begged him to drop the ſubject."—Why do you ſay that your mother wants money?—whilſt I have a ſhilling, ſhall you not both have nine-pence out of it?—I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours.—I ſhall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould—I have laid a plan for ſomething new, quite out of the beaten track.—I wiſh I had you with me—and I would introduce

you to one of the moſt amiable and gentleſt of beings, whom I have juſt been with—not Mrs. ——, but a Mrs. J—— the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I eſteem them both. He poſſeſſes every manly virtue —honour and bravery are his characteriſticks, which have diſtinguiſhed him nobly in ſeveral inſtances—I ſhall make you better acquainted with his character, by ſending Orme's Hiſtory, with the books you deſired—and it is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a juſt one; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth.—Mrs. J—— is kind—and friendly—of a ſentimental turn of mind—and ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that ſhe is too good for the world ſhe lives in—Juſt God! if all were like her, what a life would this be!—Heaven, my Lydia, for ſome wiſe purpoſe has created different beings—I wiſh my dear child knew her—thou art worthy of her friendſhip, and ſhe already loves thee; for I ſometimes tell her what I feel for thee. —This is a long letter—write ſoon, and never let your letters be ſtudied one's—write naturally, and then you will write well.—I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague —I have ſent her ſome of Huxham's tincture of the Bark. I will order you a guittar ſince the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

London, February 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

MY Daughter begs a preſent of me, and you muſt know I can deny her nothing—It muſt be ſtrung with cat-gut, and of five chords —*ſi chiama in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde*—ſhe cannot get ſuch a thing at Marſeilles—at Paris one may have every thing—Will you be ſo good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting ſome muſical body to buy one, and ſend it her to Avignon directed to Monſieur Teſte?—I wrote laſt week to deſire you would remit Mrs. S—— a hundred louis—'twill be all, except the guittar, I ſhall owe you—ſend me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin—direct to me at Mr. Becket's—all kind reſpects to my friend Mr. F—— and your ſiſter.

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

To D. G—— Eſq.

Thurſday, Eleven o'Clock—Night.

DEAR SIR,

'TWAS for all the world like a cut acroſs my finger with a ſharp pen-knife.—I ſaw the blood—gave it a ſuck—wrapt it up—and thought no more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to:—a wound, unleſs 'tis a wound not worth talking of, but by the bye mine is, muſt give you ſome pain after.—Nature will take her own way with it—it muſt ferment—it muſt digeſt.

The ſtory you told me of Triſtram's pretended tutor, this morning—My letter by right ſhould have ſet out with this ſentence, and then the ſimile would not have kept you a moment in ſuſpence.

This vile ſtory, I ſay—though I then ſaw both how, and where it wounded—I felt little from it at firſt—or, to ſpeak more honeſtly, though it ruins my ſimile, I felt a great deal of pain from it, but affected an air uſual on ſuch accidents, of leſs feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodgings ſince the play, you aſtoniſhed me in it, and have been

been unwrapping this ſelf-ſame wound of mine, and ſhaking my head over it this half hour.

What the devil!—is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many ſchools of miſapplied ſcience in the Chriſtian World, to make a *tutor* of for my Triſtram?—*Ex quovis ligno non fit.*—Are we ſo run out of ſtock, that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed, pudding-headed *chap* amongſt our doctors?—Is there no one ſingle wight of much reading and no learning amongſt the many children in my *mother's* nurſery, who bid high for this charge—but I muſt diſable my judgment by chooſing a W——n? Vengeance! have I ſo little concern for the honour of my hero!—Am I a wretch ſo void of ſenſe, ſo bereft of feeling for the figure he is to make in ſtory, that I ſhould chuſe a præceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him? O! dear Mr. G——.

Malice is ingenious—unleſs where the exceſs of it outwits itſelf—I have two comforts in this ſtroke of it;—the firſt is, that this one is partly of this kind; and ſecondly, that it is one of the number of thoſe which ſo unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave.—The report might draw blood of the author of Triſtram Shandy—but could not harm ſuch a man as the author of the Divine Legation—God bleſs him! though, by the bye, and according to the

the natural courſe of deſcents, the bleſſing ſhould come from him to me.

Pray have you no intereſt, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his Lordſhip?

Why do you aſk?

My dear Sir, I have no claim to ſuch an honour, but what ariſes from the honour and reſpect which in the progreſs of my work will be ſhewn the world I owe to ſo great a man.

Whilſt I am talking of owing—I wiſh, my dear Sir, that any body would tell you, how much I am indebted to you.—I am determined never to do it myſelf, or ſay more upon the ſubject than this, that I am yours,

L. STERNE.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

Rev. Mr. LAURENCE STERNE,

To his moſt intimate FRIENDS.

WITH A

FRAGMENT in the Manner of *Râbelais.*

To which are prefix'd,

Memoirs of his Life and Family

Written by HIMSELF

And publiſhed by his Daughter, Mrs. MEDALLE,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

ALTENBURGH:
Printed for RICHTER.
1776.

LETTERS

LETTER LXXX.

To Miſs S——.

Bond Street, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining ſtrokes of humour in it—I cannot be chearful when a thouſand melancholy ideas ſurround me—I have met with a loſs of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for an extraordinary manner—but what is that loſs in compariſon of one I may experience?—Friendſhip is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth ſuſtaining.—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyſelf at a diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a deſtitution?—For God's ſake perſuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too ſhort to waſte in ſeparation—and whilſt ſhe lives in one country, and I in another, many people will ſuppoſe it proceeds from choice—beſides I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my

heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will ſmart with weeping when I tell her the cauſe that now affects me.—I am apprehenſive the dear friend I mentioned in my laſt letter is going into a decline—I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being ſo alter'd—ſhe has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roſes are fled from her cheeks—I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable woman without burſting into tears—I have a thouſand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole ſex, if not all the world put together.—She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few poſſeſs—our converſations are of the moſt intereſting nature, and ſhe talks to me of quitting this world with more compoſure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I ſend thee a copy.—'Tis expreſſive of her modeſt worth—but may heav'n reſtore her! and may ſhe live to write mine.

Columns, and labour'd urns but vainly ſhew,
An idle ſcene of decorated woe.
The ſweet companion, and the friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart felt numbers, never meant to ſhine
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearſe like thine;
'Twill flow, whilſt gentle goodneſs has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me my Lydia, that I love thee moſt truly—So adieu—I am what I ever was, and hope ever ſhall be, thy

Affectionate Father,

L. STERNE.

As to Mr. —— by your deſcription he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to ſuch a being—Send me ſome *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Old Bond-ſtreet, April 21, 1767.

I AM ſincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J—— by your friendly enquiry, and the intereſt you are ſo good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myſelf, having paſſed a bad night in much feveriſh agitation.—My phyſician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein 'till ſome favourable change—I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings—he ſays it is owing to my

taking James's Powder, and venturing out on ſo cold a day as Sunday—but he is miſtaken, for I am certain whatever bears that name muſt have efficacy with me—I was bled yeſterday, and again to day, and have been almoſt dead, but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-ſtreet has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope ſtill, and next to the ſenſe of what I owe my friends, it ſhall be the laſt pleaſurable ſenſation I will part with—if I continue mending, it will yet be ſome time before I ſhall have ſtrength enough to get out in a carriage—my firſt viſit will be a viſit of true gratitude—I leave my kind friends to gueſs where—a thouſand bleſſings go along with this, and may heaven preſerve you both—Adieu my dear ſir, and dear lady.

I am your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

To the Earl of ——.

Old Bond-ſtreet, May 1, 1767.

MY LORD,

I WAS yeſterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindneſs of lord and lady S——, who have made a party to dine and ſup on my account—I am impatient to ſet out for my ſolitude, for there the mind gains ſtrength, and learns to lean upon herſelf —In the world it ſeeks or accepts of a few treacherous ſupports—the feigned compaſſion of one—the flattery of a ſecond—the civilities of a third—the friendſhip of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received ſuch numberleſs and unmerited civilities from your lordſhip, without returning my moſt grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illneſs, my lord, has occaſioned my ſilence—Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him—the

call was both unexpected and unpleaſant—and I am ſeriouſly worn down to a ſhadow—and ſtill very weak, but weak as I am, I have as whimſical a ſtory to tell you as ever befel one of my family—Shandy's noſe, his name, his ſaſh window are fools to it—it will ſerve at leaſt to amuſe you—The injury I did myſelf laſt month in catching cold upon James's Powder—fell, you muſt know, upon the worſt part it could—the moſt painful, and moſt dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this criſis I called in an able ſurgeon and with him an able phyſician, both my friends, to inſpect my diſaſter—'tis a venereal caſe, cried my two ſcientific friends—'tis impoſſible, however, to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the ſex, not even with my wife, added I, theſe fifteen years.—You are, however, my good friend, ſaid the ſurgeon, or there is no ſuch caſe in the world—what the devil, ſaid I, without knowing woman?—We will not reaſon about it, ſaid the phyſician, but you muſt undergo a courſe of mercury—I will loſe my life firſt, ſaid I—and truſt to nature, to time, or at the worſt to death—ſo I put an end, with ſome indignation, to the conference—and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than ſubmit to be treated like a *ſinner*, in a point where

where I had acted like a *ſaint*.—Now as the father of miſchief would have it, who has no pleaſure like that of diſhonouring the righteous, it ſo fell out that from the moment I diſmiſſed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expreſſed, or ſupported. Every hour became more intolerable. —I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up ſo near dead that my friends inſiſted upon my ſending again for my phyſician and ſurgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both miſtaken, as to my caſe—but though they had reaſoned wrong, they might act right; but that ſharp as my ſufferings were, I felt them not ſo ſharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my caſe laid me under—They anſwered that theſe taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years, but they would not reaſon with me in a point wherein I was ſo delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely to put an end to my torment, which otherwiſe would put an end to me—and ſo have I been compelled to ſurrender myſelf—and thus, my dear lord, has your poor friend with all his ſenſibilities been ſuffering the chaſtiſement of the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt.—Was it not as ridiculous an embarraſſment as ever Yorick's ſpirit was involved in?—Nothing but the pureſt con-

ſcience of innocence could have tempted me to write this ſtory to my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Triſtram Shandy's Life—I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. —— In ſome reſpects there is no difference between my wife and herſelf —when they fare alike, neither can reaſonably complain.—I have juſt received letters from France, with ſome hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a viſit—if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himſelf he ſhall receive a letter from your lordſhip, *en attendant.* I am with the greateſt regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To J. D——n, Eſq.

Old Bond-ſtreet, Friday Morning.

I WAS going, my dear D——n, to bed before I received your kind enquiry, and now my chaiſe ſtands at my door to take and convey this

this poor body to its legal ſettlement.—I am ill, very ill—I languiſh moſt affectingly—I am ſick both ſoul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man intereſts himſelf more in your happineſs, and I am glad you are in ſo fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D—— whilſt I—no matter what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.—I dined yeſterday with lord and lady S——we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is ſo pleaſant a ſituation.—You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots—and I go bootleſs home—and fear I ſhall go bootleſs all my life—Adieu, gentleſt and beſt of ſouls—adieu.

I am yours moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

Newark, Monday 10 *o'Clock in the morning.*

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods conſigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaiſe

attention to ſlavery, as it is at this day practiſed in our Weſt Indies.—That ſubject handled in your ſtriking manner would eaſe the yoke, perhaps, of many—but if only of one——gracious God! what a feaſt to a benevolent heart! and ſure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are univerſally read, and as univerſally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thouſands of my brother Moors. Grief, you pathetically obſerve, is eloquent: figure to yourſelf their attitudes; hear their ſupplicating addreſſes!—alas! you cannot refuſe.—Humanity muſt comply—in which hope I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Reverend Sir, &c.

IGNATIVS SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Mr. *Sterne*, to *Ignatius Sancho*.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a ſtrange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events, as well as in the great *ones*, of this world: for I had been writing a tender

tender tale of the ſorrows of a friendleſs poor negro-girl, and my eyes had ſcarce done ſmarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of ſo many of her brethren and ſiſters, came to me—but why *her brethren?* or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the fineſt tints, and moſt inſenſible gradations, that nature deſcends from the faireſt face about St. James's, to the ſootieſt complexion in Africa:—at which tint of theſe is it, that the ties of blood are to ceaſe? and how many ſhades muſt we deſcend lower ſtill in the ſcale, ere mercy is to vaniſh with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to uſe the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make them ſo.—For my own part, I never look *weſtward*, when I am in a penſive mood at leaſt, but I think of the burthens which our brothers and ſiſters are *there* carrying, and could I eaſe their ſhoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would ſet out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their ſakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the ſame proportion, that a viſit of humanity ſhould one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale *I* have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the ſervice of the afflicted—and a much

greater

greater matter; for in ſerious truth, it caſts a ſad ſhade upon the world, that ſo great a part of it are, and have been ſo long bound in chains of darkneſs, and in chains of miſery; and I cannot but both reſpect and felicitate you, that by ſo much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of ſo good and merciful a family, Providence has reſcued you from the other.

And ſo good-hearted Sancho adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To *Ignatius Sancho.*

Bond Street, Saturday.

I WAS very ſorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courteſy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my liſt of ſubſcribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks.—But you have ſomething to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good

good will alſo on this account, and that is to ſend me the ſubſcription money, which I find a neceſſity of duning my beſt friends for before I leave town—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts, for which I have very ſlender talents, and collecting them, for which I have neither ſtrength of body or mind, and ſo, good Sancho dun the Duke of M—— the Ducheſs of M—— and Lord M—— for their ſubſcriptions, and lay the ſin, and money with it too, at my door —I wiſh ſo good a family every bleſſing they merit, along with my humbleſt compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning—and ſhould on Thurſday, but that I ſtay to dine with Lord and Lady S——.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To *Ignatius Sancho.*

Coxwould, June 30.

I MUST acknowledge the courteſy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times buſier than I am, and muſt thank him too for the many expreſſions of his good will, and good opinion—'Tis all affectation to ſay a man is not gratified with being praiſed—we only want it to be ſincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever—but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an aſs to milk, and another to ride out upon, if I chuſe it, all together do wonders.—I ſhall live this year at leaſt, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impreſſions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for juſt ſo much health and ſpirits, as are ſufficient to carry my pen through the taſk I have ſet it this ſummer.—But I am a reſign'd being, Sancho, and take health and ſickneſs as I do light and darkneſs, or the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons—that is, juſt as it pleaſes God to ſend them—and accommodate myſelf

myſelf to their periodical returns, as well as I can—only taking care, whatever befalls me in this ſilly world—not to loſe my temper at it.—This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the trueſt philoſophy—for this we muſt be indebted to ourſelves, but not to our fortunes.—Farewel—I hope you will not forget your cuſtom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter—in the mean time I am very cordially,

My honeſt friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Mrs. H——.

Coxwould, October 12, 1767.

EVER ſince my dear H—— wrote me word ſhe was mine, more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together.—People think that I have had many, ſome in body, ſome in mind, but as I told

told you before, you have had me more than more than any woman—therefore you muſt had me, H——, both in mind, and in body.—Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when—it could not be the lady in Bond-ſtreet, or Groſvenor-ſtreet, or —— Square, or Pall-mall.——We ſhall make it out, H—— when we meet—I impatiently long for it——'tis no matter——I cannot now ſtand writing to you to-day——I will make it up next poſt——for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F—— ſtay, he will not frank this.——How do you do? Which parts of Triſtram do you like beſt?——God bleſs you.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XC.

To Mrs. H——.

Coxwould, November 15, 1767.

NOW be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute theſe commiſſions well——and when I ſee you I will give you a kiſs—— there's

there's for you?—But I have ſomething elſe for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which ſhall make you cry as much as it has affected me—or I will give up the buſineſs of ſentimental writing—and write to the body—that is H——— what I am doing in writing to you—but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a ſcore mean ſouls.—

I am yours, &c. &c.

L. SHANDY.

LETTER XCI.

To his Excellency Sir G. M———.

Coxwould, December 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FOR though you are his Excellency, and I ſtill but parſon Yorick—I ſtill muſt call you ſo—and were you to be next Emperor of Ruſſia, I could not write to you, or ſpeak of you, under any other relation—I felicitate you, I don't ſay how much, becauſe I can't—I always had ſomething like a kind of re-

velation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are ſo happily advanced—it was not only my wiſhes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impoſe upon a viſionary brain, but I thought I actually ſaw you juſt where you now are—and that is juſt, my dear Macartney, where you ſhould be.—I ſhould long, long ago have acknowledged the kindneſs of a letter of yours from Peterſbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it—this is the firſt time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you—how they will find you, I know well—that is—the ſame I ever knew you. In three weeks I ſhall kiſs your hand—and ſooner, if I can finiſh my Sentimental Journey.—The duce take all ſentiments! I wiſh there was not one in the world!—My wife is come to pay me a ſentimental viſit as far as from Avignon—and the *politeſſes* ariſing from ſuch a proof of her urbanity, has robb'd me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.—I am going to ly-in; being at Chriſtmas at my full reckoning—and unleſs what I ſhall bring forth is not *preſs'd* to death by theſe devils of printers, I ſhall have the honour of preſenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaſte brain conceiv'd—they are frolickſome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas*—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*,

ables, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myſelf happy with it.

Adieu my dear friend,

Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P. S. If you ſee Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

LETTER XCII.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

LITERAS veſtras lipidiſſimas, mi conſobrine, conſobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; ſed poſta non rediebat verſus aquilonem eo die, aliter ſcripſiſſem prout deſiderabas: neſcio quid eſt materia cum me, ſed ſum fatigatus et aegrotus de mea uxore plus quam unquam—et ſum poſſeſſus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem—et tu es poſſeſſus cum eodem malo ſpiritu qui te tenet in deſerto eſſe tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tua—crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod iſthaec non eſt via ad ſalutem ſive hodiernam, ſive aeternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pe-

cunia, quae, vt ait Sanctus Paulus, eſt radix omnium malorum, et non ſatis dicis in corde tuo, ego Antonius de Caſtello Infirmo, ſum iam quadraginta et plus annos natus, et expleui octauum meum luſtrum, et tempus eſt me curare, et meipſum Antonium facere hominem felicem, et liberum, et mihimet ipſi benefacere, vt exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quod nihil eſt melius in hac vita, quam quod homo viuat feſtive, et quod edat et bibat, et bono fruatur, quia hoc eſt ſua portio et dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te ſcire vellemus, quod non debeo eſſe reprehendi pro feſtinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus eſt teſtis, quod non propero prae gloria, et pro me oſtendere; nam diabolus iſte qui me intrauit, non eſt diabolus vanus, vt conſobrinus ſuus Lucifer — ſed eſt diabolus amabundus, qui non vult ſinere me eſſe ſolum; nam cum non cumbendo cum vxore mea ſum mentulatior quam par eſt — et ſum mortaliter in amore — et ſum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excuſabis, quoniam tu fuiſti in amore, et per mare et per terras iuiſti et feſtinaſti ſicut diabolus, eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te ſcribere — ſed ſcribo hanc epiſtolam, in domo coffeataria et plena ſociorum ſtrepitoſorum, qui non permittunt me cogitare vnam cogitationem.

Saluta

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cuius literis reſpondebo — ſaluta amicos in domo Giſbroſenſi, et oro, credas me vinculo conſobrinitatis et amoris ad te, mi Antoni, deuinctiſſimum,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII.

To A. L——e, Eſq.

Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

DEAR L——e,

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the ſeal of friendſhip, and moſt cordially do I thank you for ſo kind a proof of your good will—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my ſentimental friend—but I would not write to enquire after her, unleſs I could have ſent her the teſtimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or thoſe that have lately been ſo, either call to mind what is paſt or what may return—at leaſt I find it ſo.—I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould—and I wiſh you could ſee in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I ſit

but I have put a ſtop to her intentions of viſiting them.—They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. La Bramine aſſured me they uſed their endeavours with her to break off her friendſhip with me, for reaſons I will not write, but tell you.—I ſaid enough of them before ſhe left England, and though ſhe yielded to me in every other point, yet in this ſhe obſtinately perſiſted.—Strange infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpoſe by a falſity, which Yorick's friendſhip to the Bramine can only juſtify.—I wrote her word that the moſt amiable of women reiterated my requeſt, that ſhe would not write to them. I ſaid too, ſhe had conceal'd many things for the ſake of her peace of mind—when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J——'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged ſo ſtrongly.—Do not mention this circumſtance to Mrs. J——, 'twould diſpleaſe her—and I had no deſign in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to herſelf.—I ought now to be buſy from ſun riſe, to ſun ſet, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive—an eſtate to ſell—a pariſh to ſuperintend, and what is worſt of all, a diſquieted heart to reaſon with—theſe are continual calls upon me.—I have receiv'd half a dozen letters to preſs me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I

am

am at preſent deaf to them all.—I perhaps may paſs a few days there ſomething later in the ſeaſon, not at preſent——and ſo dear L——e, adieu.

I am moſt cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCV.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I ſit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this laſt inſtance of their humanity and politeneſs to me, I muſt ever be their debtor—I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my ſoul—and for the ſingle day's happineſs your goodneſs would have ſent me, I wiſh I could ſend you back thouſands—I cannot, but they will come of themſelves—and ſo God bleſs you.—I have had twenty times my pen in my hand ſince I came down to write one letter to you both in Gerrard-

ſtreet

ſtreet—but I am a ſhy kind of a ſoul at the bottom, and have a jealouſy about troubling my friends, eſpecially about myſelf.—I am now got perfectly well, but was a month after my arrival in the country in but a poor ſtate—my body has got the ſtart, and is at preſent more at eaſe than my mind—but this world is a ſchool of trials, and ſo heaven's will be done!—I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted—and to compleat your joy, that your little lady flouriſhes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to ſee her preferred by next winter.—I am now beginning to be truly buſy at my Sentimental Journey—the pains and ſorrows of this life having retarded its progreſs—but I ſhall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very ſhort time.—

What can I ſend you that Yorkſhire produces? tell me—I want to be of uſe to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt value and eſteem,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XCVI.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

York, July 20, 1767.

MY DEAR P——,

BE ſo kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. S—— at your office by to-day's poſt, or the next, and ſhe will receive them before ſhe quits Avignon, for England—ſhe wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter—adviſe her to get her own life enſured in London, leſt my Lydia ſhould die before her.——If there are any packets, ſend them with the ninth volume of Shandy, which ſhe has failed of getting—ſhe ſays ſhe has drawn for fifty louis—when ſhe leaves Paris, ſend by her my account.—Have you got me any French ſubſcriptions, or ſubſcriptions in France?—Preſent my kindeſt ſervice to Miſs P——, I know her politeneſs and good nature will incline her to give Mrs. J—— her advice about what ſhe may venture to bring over.—I hope every thing goes on well, though never half ſo well as I wiſh.

—God

—God proſper you, my dear friend—Believe me moſt warmly

Yours,

L. STERNE.

The ſooner you ſend me the gold ſnuff box, the better—'tis a preſent from my beſt friend.

LETTER XCVII.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, Auguſt 2, 1767.

MY dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— are infinitely kind to me in ſending now and then a letter to enquire after me—and to acquaint me how they are.—You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illneſs.—I wiſh Mr. J—— would carry you to the ſouth of France in purſuit of health—but why need I wiſh it when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of thoſe ſymptoms which alarmed him ſo much in the ſpring—Your politeneſs and humanity is always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promiſe next winter, will be perfectly ſo—

but

but you muſt get well—and your little dear girl muſt be of the party with her parents and friends to give it a reliſh—I am ſure you ſhew no partiality but what is natural and praiſe-worthy in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow, and I both hope and adviſe them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two ſtrings at leaſt to their bow.—I had letters from France by laſt night's poſt, by which, by ſome fatality, I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. S——This gives me concern, as it wears the aſpect of unkindneſs, which ſhe by no means merits from me.—My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a viſit for a few months; I wiſh I may prevail with them to tarry longer.—You muſt permit me, dear Mrs. J—— to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and ſpend a little time in London, as ſhe returns to France.—I expect a ſmall parcel—may I trouble you before you write next to ſend to my lodgings to aſk if there is any thing directed to me that you can encloſe under cover?—I have but one excuſe for this freedom which I am prompted to uſe from a perſuaſion that it is doing you pleaſure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing—and as to myſelf I reſt ſatisfied, for 'tis only ſcoring up another debt of thanks to the

millions

millions I owe you both already—Receive a thouſand and a thouſand thanks, yes and with them ten thouſand friendly wiſhes for all you wiſh in this world—May my friend Mr. J—— continue bleſs'd with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I ſo ardently pray for.—Adieu my dear friends—believe me moſt truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. In Eliza's laſt letter dated from St. Jago ſhe tells me, as ſhe does you, that ſhe is extremely ill—God protect her.—By this time ſurely ſhe has ſet foot upon dry land at Madras—I heartily wiſh her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her ſo—but he is cut off from this, by bodily abſence—I am preſent with her in ſpirit however—but what is that you will ſay?

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

Coxwould, Auguſt 11, 1767.

MY DEAR H——,

I AM glad all has paſſed with ſo much amity *inter te et filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy ſight—All is well that ends well—and ſo much for moralizing upon it. I wiſh you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs.—Not one of my letters have got to Mrs. S—— ſince the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my ſide, though I have wrote her ſix or ſeven.—I imagine ſhe will be here the latter end of September, though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which having ſuffered by my ſuppoſed ſilence I am perſuaded will make her fear the worſt—if that is the caſe ſhe will fly to England—a moſt natural concluſion.—You did well to diſcontinue all commerce with James's powder—as you are ſo well, rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry—mine ought upon the ſame ſcore—for I never have been ſo well ſince I left college—

lege—and ſhould be a marvellous happy man, but for ſome reflections which bow down my ſpirits—but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myſelf with honour—and —no matter! we will talk this over when we meet.—If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c. I will come and ſing Te Deum, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing with you in the world.—I ſhould depend upon G——'s critick upon my head, as much as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies—when you do not want her ſociety let it be carried into your bed-chamber to ſlay her, or clap it upon her bum —to——and give her my bleſſing as you do it—

My poſtillion has ſet me a-ground for a week by one of my piſtols burſting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite ſhot off—he inſtantly fell upon his knees and ſaid: Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, at which like a good Chriſtian, he ſtopped, not remembering any more of it —the affair was not ſo bad as he at firſt thought, for it has only *burſten* two of his fingers, he ſays.—I long to return to you, but I ſit here alone as ſolitary and ſad as a tom cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep—he follows me from the parlour, to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place—I wiſh I had

had a dog—my daughter will bring me one —and ſo God be about you, and ſtrengthen your faith—I am affectionately, dear couſin, yours,

L. STERNE.

My ſervice to the C—— though they are from home, and to Panty.

LETTER XCIX.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, Auguſt 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I BUT copy your great civility to me in writing you word, that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the laſt from St. Jago—If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in courſe have had it—but I fear from the circumſtance of great hurry and bodily diſorder in which ſhe was, when ſhe diſpatched this, ſhe might not have time. —In caſe it has ſo fallen out, I ſend you the contents of what I have received—and that is a melancholy hiſtory of herſelf and her ſufferings,

ſince they left St. Jago—continual and moſt violent rheumatiſm all the time——a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying ſymptom—the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a ſkeleton.—I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the ſame time it will affect yours.—The three or four laſt days of her journal leave us with hopes ſhe will do well at laſt, for ſhe is more chearful—and ſeems to be getting into better ſpirits; and health will follow in courſe. They have croſſed the line—are much becalmed, which with other delays ſhe fears they will loſe their paſſage to Madraſs—and be ſome months ſooner for it at Bombay.—Heav'n protect her, for ſhe ſuffers much, and with uncommon fortitude.—She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J——in her laſt packet.—In truth, my good lady, ſhe loves and honours you from her heart, but if ſhe did not, I ſhould not eſteem her, or wiſh her ſo well as I do.—Adieu, my dear friends—you have few in the world more truly and cordially

Yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S.

P. S. I have juſt received, as a preſent from a man I ſhall ever love, a moſt elegant gold ſnuff box, fabricated for me at Paris—'tis not the firſt pledge I have received of his friendſhip.—May I preſume to encloſe you a letter of chit-chat which I ſhall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourſelf, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India—they will neither of them be the worſe received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their deſtined port, as they go firſt to Bengal.

LETTER C.

To Miſs S——.

Coxwould, Auguſt 24, 1767.

I AM truly ſurpriſed, my dear Lydia, that my laſt letter has not reached thy mother, and thyſelf—it looks moſt unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that ſhe has not received my letter to welcome you both—and though in that I ſaid I wiſhed you would defer your journey 'till March, for before that time I ſhould have publiſhed my ſentimental work, and ſhould be in town to

receive you—yet I will ſhew you more real politeſſes than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart.—I am ſorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends.—I know B——— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable—that would be but ſo here—You are right—he ſtudies nature more than any, or rather moſt of the French comedians—If the Empreſs of Ruſſia pays him and his wife a penſion of twenty thouſand livres a year, I think he is very well off.—The folly of ſtaying 'till after twelve for ſupper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat!—"his conſcience would not let it be ſerved before."—Surely the Marquis thought you both, being Engliſh, could not be ſatisfied without it.—I would have given not my gown and caſſock, for I have but one, but my topaz ring, to have ſeen the *petits maîtres et maîtreſſes* go to maſs, after having ſpent the night in dancing.—As to my pleaſures they are few in compaſs.—My poor cat ſits purring beſide me—your lively French dog ſhall have his place on the other ſide of my fire—but if he is as deviliſh as when I laſt ſaw him, I muſt tutor him, for I will not have my cat abuſed—in ſhort I will have nothing deviliſh about me—a combuſtion would ſpoil a ſentimental thought.

Another

Another thing I muſt deſire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you ſet out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as ——— ——— did her ſilver ſeringue or glyſter equipage which ſhe loſt in a certain river—but take a wiſe reſolution of doing without rouge.—I have been three days ago bad again—with a ſpitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute * * * * * * * came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, hallooʼd in my ear—z———ds, what a fine kettle of fiſh have you brought yourſelf to, Mr. S———! In a faint voice, I bad him leave me, for comfort ſure was never adminiſtered in ſo rough a manner.—Tell your mother I hope ſhe will purchaſe what either of you may want at Paris—'tis an occaſion not to be loſt—ſo write to me from Paris that I may come and meet you in my poſt-chaiſe with my long-tailed horſes—and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu dear Lydia—believe me, what I ever ſhall be,

Your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I ſhall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—once more adieu.

LETTER CI.

To Sir W——.

September 19, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU are perhaps the drolleſt being in the univerſe—Why do you banter me ſo about what I wrote to you?—Though I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap, meaning thereby the ſea, was you to infer from that, that I leap'd into the ladies beds afterwards?—The body guides you—the mind me.—I have wrote the moſt whimſical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talk'd of body and ſoul too—I ſaid ſhe had made me vain, by ſaying ſhe was mine more than ever woman was—but ſhe is not the lady of Bond-ſtreet nor —— ſquare, nor the lady who ſupp'd with me in Bond-ſtreet on ſcollop'd oyſters, and other ſuch things—nor did ſhe ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill.—Enough of ſuch nonſenſe—The paſt is over—and I can juſtify myſelf unto myſelf—can you do as much?—No faith!—"You can feel!" Aye ſo can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the houſe top—but cater-

caterwauling diſguſts me. I had rather raiſe a gentle flame, than have a different one raiſed in me.—Now, I take heav'n to witneſs, after all this *badinage* my heart is innocent—and the ſporting of my pen is equal, juſt equal, to what I did in my boyiſh days, when I got aſtride of a ſtick, and gallop'd away—The truth is this—that my pen governs me—not me my pen.—You are much to blame if you dig for marle, unleſs you are ſure of it.—I was once ſuch a puppy myſelf, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of pocket.—Curſe on farming, ſaid I, I will try if the pen will not ſucceed better than the ſpade.—The following up of that affair, I mean farming, made me loſe my temper, and a cart load of turneps was, I thought, very dear at two hundred pounds.—

In all your operations may your own good ſenſe guide you—bought experience is the devil.—Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CII.

To the ſame.

Coxwould, Sept. 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are arrived at Scarborough, when all the world has left it—but you are an unaccountable being, and ſo there is nothing more to be ſaid on the matter—You wiſh me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finiſh'd—beſides I have other things in my head.—My wife will be here in three or four days, and I muſt not be found ſtraying in the wilderneſs—but I have been there.—As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh, and drink my barley water with you—As ſoon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a houſe at York, I ſhall go to London where you generally are in ſpring—and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare ſay, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worſt of molds—praiſed be God for my ſenſibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleaſures

the

the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt ever felt.—Write to me the day you will be at York—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me,

My good Sir,

Ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIII.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

York, October 1, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE order'd my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd—ſhe is in raptures with all your civilities.—This is to give you notice to draw upon your correſpondent—and Becket will deduct out of my publication.—Tomorrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia ſeems tranſported with the ſight of me.—Nature, dear P——, breathes in all her compoſition; and except a little

was ſuppoſed, and have ſince heard, that I e'en went on with the party to London, and this I ſuppoſe was the reaſon aſſign'd for my being there.—I dare ſay charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the ſcore of one, and perhaps both of the ladies—and I will excuſe charity on that head, for a heart diſengaged could not well have done better.—I have been hard writing ever ſince—and hope by Chriſtmas I ſhall be able to give a gentle rap at your door—and tell you how happy I am to ſee my two good friends.—I aſſure you I ſpur on my Pegaſus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit, till I have finiſh'd this Sentimental Journey—which I hope to lay at your feet, as a ſmall, but a very honeſt, teſtimony of the conſtant truth, with which I am,

My dear friends,

Your ever obliged

And grateful,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here laſt night from France.—My girl has return'd an

an elegant accompliſh'd little ſlut—my wife —but I hate to praiſe my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praiſe my daughter. —I ſuppoſe they will return next ſummer to France.—They leave me in a month to reſide at York for the winter—and I ſtay at Coxwould till the firſt of January.

LETTER CV.

To Mrs. F——.

Coxwould, Friday.

DEAR MADAM,

I RETURN you a thouſand thanks for your obliging enquiry after me—I got down laſt ſummer very much worn out—and much worſe at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's houſe, the Archbiſhop of York, to refreſh myſelf a couple of days upon the road near Doncaſter—Since I got home to quietneſs, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very ſtout—and in a fortnight's time ſhall perhaps be as well as you yourſelf could wiſh me.—I have the pleaſure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived

arrived from France.—I ſhall be in town to greet my friends by the firſt of January.—Adieu dear madam—believe me

Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVI.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troubleſome in writing ſomething betwixt a letter and a card, to enquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age ſince I have heard a ſyllable of.—I think ſo however, and never more felt the want of a houſe I eſteem ſo much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it ſo ſeldom—and have nothing to recompence my deſires of ſeeing its kind poſſeſſors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Chriſtmas.—I long ſadly to ſee you—and my friend Mr. J——. I am ſtill at Coxwould—my wife and girl (*) here.—She

(*) Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be neceſſary for publiſhing this letter—the beſt ſhe can offer is—*that it was* written by a fond parent, whoſe commendations *ſhe is* proud of, to a very ſincere friend.

She is a dear good creature—affectionate, and moſt elegant in body, and mind—ſhe is all heaven could give me in a daughter—but like other bleſſings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France—and this dear part of me muſt be torn from my arms, to follow her mother, who ſeems inclined to eſtabliſh her in France where ſhe has had many advantageous offers.—Do not ſmile at my weakneſs, when I ſay I don't wonder at it, for ſhe is as accompliſh'd a ſlut as France can produce.—You ſhall excuſe all this—if you won't, I deſire Mr. J—— to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleaſure ſhall I embrace your dear little pledge—who I hope to ſee every hour encreaſing in ſtature, and in favour, both with God and man!—I kiſs all your hands with a moſt devout and friendly heart.—No man can wiſh you more good than your meager friend does—few ſo much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude and honeſt affection,

My dear Mrs. J——,

Your ever faithful,

L. STERNE.

P. S.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will pleaſe Mrs. J——, and my Lydia—I can anſwer for thoſe two. It is a ſubject which works well, and ſuits the frame of mind I have been in for ſome time paſt—I told you my deſign in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow creatures better than we do—ſo it runs moſt upon thoſe gentler paſſions and affections, which aid ſo much to it.—Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J—— continue examples of the doctrine I teach.

LETTER CVII.

To A. L. E——e, Eſq.

Coxwould, November 19, 1767.

YOU make yourſelf unhappy, dear L——e, by imaginary ills—which you might ſhun, inſtead of putting yourſelf in the way of.—Would not any man in his ſenſes fly from the object he adores, and not waſte his time and his health in increaſing his miſery by ſo vain a purſuit?—The idol of your heart is one of ten thouſand.—The duke of —— has long ſighed in vain—and can you ſuppoſe a woman will liſten to you, that is proof againſt titles, ſtars, and red ribbands?—Her heart, believe me,

me, L——e, will not be taken in by fine men, or fine ſpeeches—if it ſhould ever feel a preference, it will chuſe an object for itſelf, and it muſt be a ſingular character that can make an impreſſion on ſuch a being—ſhe has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name—the natural reſerve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a ſuperiority of underſtanding, which makes her deſpiſe every man that turns himſelf into a fool—Take my advice, and pay your addreſſes to Miſs —— ſhe eſteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken ſo deep a root in your heart.—I pity you from my ſoul—but we are all born with paſſions which ebb and flow, elſe they would play the devil with us, to different objects—and the beſt advice I can give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of yours another way.—I know not whether I ſhall write again while I ſtay at Coxwould.—I am in earneſt at my ſentimental work—and intend being in town ſoon after Chriſtmas—in the mean time adieu.—Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L——

Yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIX.

To A. L——e, Eſq.

Coxwould, December 7, 1767.

DEAR L——,

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to ſo intereſting a letter as yours—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promiſes—he will take care of you in the beſt manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you uſeful in any department—If his Lordſhip's ſcheme does not ſucceed, leave the kingdom—go to the eaſt, or the weſt, for travelling would be of infinite ſervice to both your body and mind.—But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs.—I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here; for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendaryſhip—the country alſo is ſweet—but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have conſulted with you, and my other friends.—I have great offers too

in

in Ireland—the biſhops of C——, and R——, are both my friends—but I have rejected every propoſal, unleſs Mrs. S——, and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the ſake of my girl, and with her ſweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up faſt the hill of preferment, if I choſe it—but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would ſit uneaſy upon my brow.—Mrs. S——'s health is inſupportable in England.—She muſt return to France, and juſtice and humanity forbid me to oppoſe it.—I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until ſhe can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L——e, when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the ſeparation of ſoul and body—and equal to nothing but what paſſes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one reſpect, for ſhe will be in one kingdom, whilſt I am in another.—You will laugh at my weakneſs—but I cannot help it—for ſhe is a dear, diſintereſted girl—As a proof of it—when ſhe left Coxwould, and I bad her adieu, I pulled out my purſe and offered her ten guineas for her private pleaſures—her anſwer was pretty, and affected me too much. "No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have ſtraiten'd you—I would rather put an hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it"—I burſt into tears—but why

not to be frightened.—I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt attachment and eſteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXL

To Lady P——.

Mount Coffee-houſe, Tueſday 3 o'Clock.

THERE is a ſtrange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a ſtone-caſt of the lady who engroſſes the heart and ſoul of an inamorato—for this cauſe, but moſtly becauſe I am to dine in this neighbourhood, have I, Triſtram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-houſe the neareſt I could find to my dear Lady ——'s houſe, and have called for a ſheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed—Now for it—

O my dear lady—what a diſhclout of a ſoul haſt thou made of me?—I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction, for ſo unfamiliar a ſituation as I ſtand in with you—where heaven knows, I am kept at a diſtance—and deſpair of getting one inch nearer

nearer you, with all the ſteps and windings I can think of to recommend myſelf to you—Would not any man in his ſenſes run diametrically from you—and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus cauſeleſsly, fooliſhly, and fool-hardily expoſe himſelf afreſh —and afreſh, where his heart and his reaſon tells him he ſhall be ſure to come off loſer, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to ſee me?—Does it give you pleaſure to make me more unhappy —or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the reſt of the town is courting as a wit?—I am a fool—the weakeſt, the moſt ductile, the moſt tender fool that ever woman tried the weakneſs of——and the moſt unſettled in my purpoſes and reſolutions of recovering my right mind.—It is but an hour ago, that I kneeled down and ſwore I never would come near you—and after ſaying my Lord's Prayer for the ſake of the cloſe, of not being led into temptation —out I ſallied like any Chriſtian hero, ready to take the field againſt the world, the fleſh, and the devil; not doubting but I ſhould finally trample them all down under my feet—and now am I got ſo near you—within this vile ſtone's caſt of your houſe——I feel myſelf drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain

upſide

upſide downwards, and though I had purchaſed a box ticket to carry me to Miſs ****** benefit, yet I know very well, that was a ſingle line directed to me, to let me know Lady —— would be alone at ſeven, and ſuffer me to ſpend the evening with her, ſhe would infallibly ſee every thing verified I have told her.—I dine at Mr. C——r's in Wigmore-ſtreet, in this neighbourhood, where I ſhall ſtay till ſeven, in hopes you purpoſe to put me to this proof—If I hear nothing by that time I ſhall conclude you are better diſpoſed of—and ſhall take a ſorry hack, and ſorrily jogg on to the play—Curſe on the word. I know nothing but ſorrow—except this one thing, that I love you, perhaps fooliſhly, but

Moſt ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Old Bond-ſtreet, January 1.

NOT knowing whether the moiſture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard Street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to ſend them all the good wiſhes, compliments, and reſpects I owe them.—I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the beſt. I ſend all compliments to your fire ſides this Sunday night—Miſs Aſcough the wife, Miſs Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and ſo on.—If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will preſent the encloſed to him—'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.—I am ſorry that I am no ſubſcriber to Soho this ſeaſon—it deprives me of a pleaſure worth twice the ſubſcription—but I am juſt going to ſend about this quarter of the town, to ſee if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undiſpoſed of, from ſome of my Soho friends, and if I can ſucceed, I will either ſend or wait upon you with it by half

an

an hour after three to-morrow—if not, my friend will do me the juſtice to believe me truly miſerable.—I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get diſengaged in order to be with my friends. —If I cannot, I will glide like a ſhadow uninvited to Gerrard Street ſome day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together.—God bleſs you both!—I am with the moſt ſincere regard,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIII.

To the ſame.

Old Bond Street, Monday.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I HAVE never been a moment at reſt ſince I wrote yeſterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one —have been upon one knee to my friends Sir G——— M———, Mr. Laſcelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice—without mentioning five more—I believe

believe I could as ſoon get you a place at court, for every body is going—but I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my ſupplications.—I ſend you this ſtate of the affair, leſt my ſilence ſhould make you think I had neglected what I promiſed—but no—Mrs. J—— knows me better, and would never ſuppoſe it would be out of the head of one who is with ſo much truth

Her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIV.

To the ſame.

Thurſday, Old Bond Street.

A Thouſand thanks, and as many excuſes, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a ſecond note I am aſtoniſh'd I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any miſtake in a card wrote by Mrs. J——s, in which my friend is as unrival'd, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am

I am now tyed down neck and heels, twice over, by engagements every day this week, or moſt joyfully would have trod the old pleaſing road from Bond to Gerrard Street.—My books will be to be had on Thurſday, but poſſibly on Wedneſday in the afternoon.—I am quite well, but exhauſted with a room full of company every morning till dinner—How do I lament I cannot eat my morſel, which is always ſweet, with ſuch kind friends!—The Sunday following I will aſſuredly wait upon you both—and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time, and a little day light, to ſee Mrs. J——'s picture.—I beg leave to aſſure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my ſentimental thanks for every token of their good will.—Adieu, my dear friends—

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER CXV.

To L. S——, Eſq.

Old Bond Street, Wedneſday.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR commendations are very flattering. I know no one whoſe judgement I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only inſtance in which I can call it in queſtion. —Thanks, my good ſir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—if I recover from my ill ſtate of health, and live to reviſit Coxwould this ſummer, I will decorate my ſtudy with them, along with ſix beautiful pictures I have already of the ſculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.—It grieves one to think ſuch a man ſhould have dy'd in exile, who wrote ſo well on the art of love.—Do not think me encroaching if I ſollicit a favour—'tis either to borrow, or beg, to beg if you pleaſe, ſome of thoſe touched with chalk which you brought from Italy—I believe you have three ſets, and if you can ſpare the imperfect one of cattle on colour'd paper, 'twill anſwer my purpoſe, which is namely this,

this, to give a friend of ours.—You may be ignorant ſhe has a genius for drawing, and whatever ſhe excells in, ſhe conceals, and her humility adds luſtre to her accompliſhments—I preſented her laſt year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her ſeveral leſſons before I left town.—I wiſh her to follow this art, to be a compleat miſtreſs of it—and it is ſingular enough, but not more ſingular than true, that ſhe does not know how to make a cow or a ſheep, though ſhe draws figures and landſcapes perfectly well; which makes me wiſh her to copy from good prints.—If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you—I breakfaſt with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O——— ſo let our meeting be either at your houſe or my lodgings—do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to ſee a picture executed by Weſt, moſt admirably—he has caught the character of our friend———ſuch goodneſs is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the ſoul be ever ſo much unharmonized, it is impoſſible it ſhould remain ſo.—I will ſend you a ſet of my books—they will take with the generality—the women will read this book in the parlour, and Triſtram in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear ſir—I am

going

going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me,

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVI.

February 20, *Old Bond-ſtreet.*

MY DEAREST LYDIA,

MY Sentimental Journey, you ſay, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no leſs admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occaſion?—the want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breaſt—this vile influenza—be not alarm'd, I think I ſhall get the better of it—and ſhall be with you both the firſt of May, and if I eſcape 'twill not be for a long period, my child—unleſs a quiet retreat and peace of mind can reſtore me.—The ſubject of thy letter has aſtoniſh'd me.—She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the ſuppoſition I ſhould ſurvive thy mother, I ſhould bequeath thee as a legacy

to ——. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whoſe virtues I wiſh thee to imitate, that I ſhall entruſt my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have ſo often talk'd and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a ſincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring ſome part of the milk of human kindneſs into your breaſt, which will ſerve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a ſmall degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful neceſſity to fly to India for protection, whilſt it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will ſurvive me——do not deject her ſpirits with thy apprehenſions on my account.—I have ſent you a necklace, buckles, and the ſame to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wiſh that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in juſtice be leſs kind to thy mother.—I am never alone—The kindneſs of my friends is ever the ſame—I wiſh though I had thee to nurſe me—but I am deny'd that.—Write to me twice a week, at leaſt.—God bleſs thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy

Affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER CXVII.

To Mrs. J——.

Tueſday.

YOUR poor friend is ſcarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleuriſy—I was bled three times on Thurſday, and bliſter'd on Friday—The phyſician ſays I am better—God knows, for I feel myſelf ſadly wrong, and ſhall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining ſtrength.——Before I have gone through half this letter, I muſt ſtop to reſt my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. J—— was ſo good to call upon me yeſterday. I felt emotions not to be deſcribed at the ſight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J——, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to aſk a favour of him, if I find myſelf worſe—that I ſhall beg of you, if in this wreſtling I come off conqueror—my ſpirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep my dear Lady—your tears are too precious to ſhed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.——

Deareſt, kindeſt, gentleſt, and beſt of women! may health, peace, and happineſs prove your handmaids.—If I die, cheriſh the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you ſo often condemn'd—which my heart, not my head betray'd me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will, if ſhe is left parentleſs, take her to your boſom? —You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for ſuch a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I truſt ſhe will find in you.—Mr. J—— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every inſult, for he wears a ſword which he has ſerved his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the ſcabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.——Adieu——all grateful thanks to you and Mr. J——.

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

To Mr. B——.

Exeter, July, 1775.

SIR,

THIS was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *ſouſed*.—He drew it up in a few moments without ſtopping his pen. I ſhould be glad to ſee it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's memoirs, &c. If you ſhould have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a miſapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writings lies in the moſt happy choice of metaphors and alluſions—ſuch as ſhewed his philoſophic judgement, at the ſame time that they diſplayed his wit and genius—but it is not for me to comment on, or correct ſo great an original. I ſhould have ſent this fragment as ſoon as I ſaw Mrs. Medalle's advertiſement, had I not been at a diſtance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this poſthumous work of a man to whom no one is

more indebted for amuſement and inſtruction, than,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

S. P.

AN IMPROMPTU.

No—not one farthing would I give for ſuch a coat in wet weather, or dry—If the ſun ſhines you are ſure of being melted, becauſe it cloſes ſo tight about one—if it rains it is no more a defence than a cobweb—a very ſieve, o' my conſcience! that lets through every drop, and like many other things that are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with diſappointment and makes you curſe the impoſtor, when it is too late to avail one's ſelf of the diſcovery. Had I been wiſe I ſhould have examined the claim the coat had to the title of "defender of the body"—before I had truſted my body in it—I ſhould have held it up to the light like other ſuſpicious matters I have ſeen, how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out—whether it was no more than ſuch a frail, flimſy contexture

texture of fleſh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and ſafely diſpenſed within ſo ſhort a journey—taking into my account the chance of ſpreading trees—thick hedges o'erhanging the road—with twenty other coverts that a man may thruſt his head under—if he is not violently puſhed on by that d——d ſtimulus—you know where—that will not let a man ſit ſtill in one place for half a minute together—but like a young nettleſome tit is eternally on the fret, and is for puſhing on ſtill farther—or if the poor ſcared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gives and a halter dangling before his eyes—now in other caſes he has not a minute to throw away in ſtanding ſtill, but like king Lear muſt brave "the peltings "of a pitileſs ſtorm" and give heaven leave to "rumble its belly full—ſpit fire—or ſpout "rain"—as ſpitefully as it pleaſeth, without finding the inclination or the reſolution to ſlacken his pace leſt ſomething ſhould be loſt that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of—Now had I acted with as much prudence as ſome other good folks——I could name many of them who have been made b——ps within my remembrance for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark

drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my ſhare—and abſolutely for nothing elſe—as will be ſeen when they are undreſſed another day—Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth without leſſening much of the ſize, or injuring in the leaſt the ſhape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or continuing to a leſs circumference, the ſuperb ſweep of any one cloak that any one b——p ever wrapt himſelf up in—I ſhould never have given this coat a place upon my ſhoulders. I ſhould have ſeen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain, by how little it would keep in of darkneſs—This a coat for a rainy day? do pray madam hold it up to that window—did you ever ſee ſuch an *illuſtrious* coat ſince the day you could diſtinguiſh between a coat and a pair of breeches?—My lady did not underſtand derivatives, and ſo ſhe could not ſee quite through my ſplendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the fame "darkneſs of exceſſive light." What a flood of it breaks in through this rent? what an irradiation beams through that? what twinklings—what ſparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the ſun? Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church—It has not ſerved me for one purpoſe

—it

—it will ſerve them for two—This is coarſe ſtuff—of worſe manufacture than the cloth—put it to its proper uſe, for I love when things ſort and join well—make a philtre *) of it—while there is a drop to be extracted—I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or ſuck like it—and that is—neither wool nor flax—make—make any thing of it, but a vile, hypocritical coat for me—for I never can ſay *ſub Jove*, whatever Juno might, that "it is a pleaſure to *be wet*."

L. STERNE.

The

*) This alluſion is improper. A philtre originally ſignifies a love potion---and it is uſed as a noun from the verb *philtrate*---it muſt ſignify a *ſtrainer*, not a *ſucker* --cloth is ſometimes uſed for the purpoſe of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough; but as he drew up this fragment without ſtopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of ſome of his terms.

THE FRAGMENT.

CHAP. I.

Shewing two Things; firſt, what a Rabelaic Fellow LONGINVS RABELAICVS *is, and ſecondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.*

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbiſhops and biſhops, as the *reſt* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongſt us for ſuch a work, was fully bent within himſelf, to ſit down immediately and compoſe a thorough—ſtitch'd ſyſtem of the KERUKOPAEDIA, fairly ſetting forth, to the beſt of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpoſe all that is needful to be known, and underſtood of that art?—Of what art cried PANURGE? Good God! anſwered LONGINUS, making an exclamation, but taking care at the ſame time to moderate his voice, why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, roſtrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems

'ems—I will be ſhot, quoth EPISTEMON, if all this ſtory of thine of a roaſted horſe, is ſimply no more than S—— Sauſages? quoth PANURGE. Thou haſt fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, anſwer'd EPISTEMON, for I hold them to be *Sermons*—which ſaid word, as I take the matter, being but a word of low degree, for a book of high rhetoric—LONGINUS RABELAICVS was foreminded to uſher and lead into his diſſertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford; and for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horſe, or the KERUKOPAEDIA is nothing but the art of making 'em—And why not, quoth GYMNAST, of preaching them when we have done?—Believe me, dear ſouls, this is half in half—and if ſome ſkilful body would but put us in a way to do this to ſome *tune*—Thou wouldſt not have them *chanted* ſurely, quoth TRIBOULET, laughing?—No, nor *canted* neither, quoth GYMNAST, crying!—but what I mean, my friends, ſays LONGINUS RABELAICUS, who is certainly one of the greateſt criticks in the weſtern world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever exiſted, what I mean, ſays he, interrupting them both and reſuming his diſcourſe, is this, that if all the ſcatter'd rules of the KERUKOPAEDIA could be but once carefully collected into one

code

down whole ſummer days evaporating my ſpirits into the fineſt thoughts, and write as florid as a MOTHER of it.—In a word, I may compoſe myſelf off my legs, and preach till I burſt—and when I have done, it will be worſe than if not done at all.——*Pray Mr. Such-a-one, who held forth laſt Sunday? Doctor* CLARK, *I trow; ſays one. Pray what Doctor* CLARK *ſays a ſecond? Why* HOMENAS'S *Doctor* CLARK, *quoth a third.* O rare HOMENAS! cries a fourth; your *ſervant* Mr. HOMENAS, quoth a *fifth.* —'Twill be all over with me, by Heav'n—I may as well put the book from whence I took it.—Here HOMENAS burſt into a flood of tears, which falling down helter ſkelter, ding dong without any kind of intermiſſion for ſix minutes and almoſt twenty five ſeconds, had a marvellous effect upon his diſcourſe; for the aforeſaid tears, do you mind, did ſo temper the wind that was riſing upon the aforeſaid diſcourſe, but falling for the moſt part perpendicularly, and hitting the ſpirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the ſurface of his harangue, they not only play'd the devil and all with the ſublimity—but moreover the ſaid tears, by their nitrous quality, did ſo refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his ſoul, all the unſavory particles which lay fermenting, as you ſaw, in the middle of his conception, that he

he went on in the cooleſt and chaſteſt ſtile, for a *ſoliloquy* I think, that ever mortal man uttered.

"This is really and truly a very hard caſe," continued HOMENAS to himſelf—PANURGE, by the bye, and all the company in the next room hearing all along every ſyllable he ſpoke; for you muſt know, that notwithſtanding PANURGE had open'd his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round anſwer to LONGINVS RABELAICUS'S interrogation, which concluded the laſt chapter—yet HOMENAS'S rhetoric had pour'd in ſo like a torrent, ſlap-daſh through the wainſcot amongſt them, and happening at that *uncritical* criſis, when PANURGE had juſt put his ugly face into the above-ſaid poſture of defence—that he ſtopt ſhort—he did indeed, and though his head was full of matter, and he had ſcrew'd up every nerve and muſcle belonging to it, till all cryed *crack* again, in order to give a due projectile force to what he was going to let fly, full in LONGINUS RABELAICUS'S teeth who ſat over againſt him.—Yet for all that, he had the continence to contain himſelf, for he ſtopt ſhort, I ſay, without uttering one word except, Z——ds—many reaſons may be aſſign'd for this, but the moſt true, the moſt ſtrong, the moſt hydroſtatical,

and

and the moſt philoſophical reaſon, why PANURGE did not go on, was—that the foremention'd *torrent* did ſo *drown* his voice, that he had none left to go on with.—God help him, poor fellow! ſo he ſtopt ſhort, as I have told you before, and all the time HOMENAS was ſpeaking he ſaid not another word, good or bad, but ſtood gaping, and ſtaring, like what you pleaſe—ſo that the break, mark'd thus—which HOMENAS'S grief had made in the middle of his diſcourſe, which he could no more help than he could fly—produced no other change in the room where LONGINUS RABELAICUS, EPISTEMON, GYMNAST, TRIBOULET, and nine or ten more honeſt blades had got Kerukopædizing together, but that it gave time to GYMNAST to give PANURGE a good ſquaſhing chuck under his double chin; which PANURGE taking in good part, and juſt as it was meant by GYMNAST, he forthwith ſhut his mouth—and gently ſitting down upon a ſtool though ſomewhat excentrically and out of neighbours row, but liſtening, as all the reſt did, with might and main, they plainly and diſtinctly heard every ſyllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

THE END.

STERNE's LETTERS

TO

HIS FRIENDS

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HIS HISTORY

OF A

WATCH COAT,

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

A NEW EDITION.

ALTENBURGH:
Printed for RICHTER.
1776.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

INTRODUCTION.

THE enſuing letters have been ſome years in the poſſeſſion of the Editor; their publication was deferred, as he was in daily expectation that time and opportunity would happily have been productive of a larger acquiſition; but deſpairing of any further ſucceſs, he has ventured to preſent them to the public, with whom he muſt ſincerely regret the loſs we ſuſtain by not retrieving a larger correſpondence.

The odious light in which many poſthumous publications are deſervedly viewed, by the deſcerning few, would have ſunk theſe letters in oblivion, if they had reflected the leaſt diſcredit on the morals

or literary merit of an author who ſo juſtly deſerves the very diſtinguiſhed attention he has received; but, on the contrary, as they reflect honour on the author in every capacity, and place him in the moſt pleaſing point of view, and as they carry with them evident and convincing marks of originality, he thinks the moſt incredulous muſt applaud his undertaking, and be fully ſatisfied of their authenticity, as he would be always happy to add to, rather than diminiſh the luſtre of literary fame; thinking it almoſt as criminal to commit a literary as a corporal murder.

Some apology may be thought neceſſary for ſubjoining the laſt letter, as it has already appeared in a ſmall pamphlet about ſeven years ago; but as it was never attended to for want of being ſufficiently known,

known, the editor hopes the public will unite with him in wiſhing not a daſh of his author's pen might be loſt; for which reaſon he could not reſiſt the temptation of preſerving it, though it might be of a temporary nature—The following account of it is taken from ſome anecdotes of Mr. Sterne's life, lately publiſhed, and prefixed to the before-mentioned pamphlet, as an advertiſement.

——"For ſome time Mr. Sterne lived, in a retired manner, upon a ſmall curacy in Yorkſhire, and, probably, would have remained in the ſame obſcurity, if his lively genius had not diſplayed itſelf upon an occaſion which ſecured him a friend, and paved the way for his promotion—A perſon who filled a lucrative benefice, was not ſatisfied with enjoying it during his own

own life-time; but exerted all his intereſt to have it intailed on his wife and ſon after his deceaſe: the gentleman that expected the reverſion of this poſt was Mr. Sterne's friend, who had not, however, ſufficient influence to prevent the ſucceſs of his adverſary.—At this time Sterne's ſatirical pen operated ſo ſtrongly, that the intended monopolizer informed him, if he would ſuppreſs the publication of his ſarcaſm, he would reſign his pretenſions to the next candidate."

The title of this piece, it appears, was to have been, "The Hiſtory of a good "warm Watch Coat, with which the pre-"ſent Poſſeſſor is not content to cover his "own ſhoulders, unleſs he can cut out of "it, a Petticoat for his Wife, and a pair "of Breeches for his Son."

When-

Whenever genius is diſtinguiſhed, it will, naturally, excite our attention—No man ever claimed a greater right to that attention than the author of Triſtram:—a natural vivacity, united with a ſentimental delicacy, and a tenderneſs felt by every ſuſceptible ſoul, deſerves commendation: we muſt rank Sterne as one of the moſt celebrated originals. "He plays with the fancy, and ſometimes, perhaps, too wantonly; but, while he thus deſignedly maſks his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart, refines it, amends it, ſoftens it, beats down each ſelfiſh barrier from about it, and opens every ſource of pity and benevolence."——This is the true characteriſtic of our Author, whoſe poignant wit, and ſentimental tenderneſs, will ever immortalize his memory, while taſte exiſts; and, though I muſt, unwillingly, ſubſcribe

ſcribe to the opinion of my Author, that "It is not in the power of every one to "taſte humour, however he may wiſh it "—It is the gift of God,"—yet, I truſt, the majority of my readers are poſſeſſed of that gift, and will heartily rejoice, with me, in the opportunity of preſerving theſe marks of genius, and handing them to poſterity.

LETTER

* LETTER I.

Thurſday 11 'Clock at Night.

DEAR SIR,

——'TWAS for all the world like a cut acroſs my finger with a ſharp knife—I ſaw the blood—gave it a ſuck—wrapt it up—and thought no more about it——

——But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to;—a wound, unleſs it is a wound not worth talking of, but by-the-bye mine is, muſt give

* A friend of the Author of the DIVINE LEGATION ſuſpecting, from report, that STERNE had a deſign to make that learned prelate TRISTRAM'S Tutor, in the continuation of his work; hinted his ſuſpicions to him in a letter, to which this is an anſwer.

LETTER II.

From Dr. EUSTACE *in* America, *to the Rev. Mr.* STERNE *with a Walking Stick.*

SIR!

WHEN I aſſure you that I am a great admirer of Triſtram Shandy, and have, ever ſince his introduction into the world, been one of his moſt zealous defenders againſt the repeated aſſaults of prejudice and miſapprehenſion, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intruſion.

You know it is an obſervation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that

that a ſimilitude of ſentiments is the general parent of friendſhip.—It cannot be wondered at, that I ſhould conceive an eſteem for a perſon whom nature had moſt indulgently enabled to friſk and curvet with eaſe through all theſe intricacies of ſentiments, which from irreſiſtible propenſity, ſhe had impelled me to trudge through without merit or diſtinction.

The only reaſon that gave riſe to this addreſs to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean ſtatuary, I mean according to vulgar opinion, for to ſuch judges both appear equally deſtitute of argularity or deſign.—It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and preſented to the late Governor Dobbs, after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its ſingularity made many deſirous of procuring it, but I had reſolved, at firſt, not to part with it, till, upon re-

flection, I thought it would be a very proper and probably not an unacceptable compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation as a button-hole, or a broomſtick.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER III.

Mr. STERNE'S *Anſwer.*

London, Febr. 9, 1768.

SIR,

I This moment received your obliging letter and Shandean piece of ſculpture along with it, of both which teſtimonies of your regard I have the juſteſt ſenſe, and return you, dear Sir, my beſt thanks and acknowledgement. Your walking ſtick is in no ſenſe more Shandaick than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that in uſing the ſtick every one will take the handle which ſuits his convenience. In Triſtram Shandy the handle is taken which ſuits the paſſions, their ignorance, or their ſenſibility. There is ſo little true feeling in the

herd of the world, that I wiſh I could have got an act of parliament, when the books firſt appeared, that none but wiſe men ſhould look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to underſtand them; the world, however, ſeems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here, being to a man on its ſide; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a ſecond reading. The other, in order to be on the ſtrongeſt ſide, has at length agreed to ſpeak well of it too. A few hypocrites and tartuffes, whoſe approbation could do it nothing but diſhonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my ſide from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taſte humour, however he may wiſh

wiſh it; it is the gift of God: and, beſides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him, intirely correſpond with thoſe excited.—'Tis like reading himſelf—and not the book.

In a week's time I ſhall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ſhip ſails three days too ſoon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleaſure of preſenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true eſteem,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER IV.

To * * * * * * * * *

IT is even as you told me, my good friend,—a beckon from an old female acquaintance has led me a dance to * * * * *. It was too great a temptation to be thrown in the way of ſuch a ſinner;—ſo I have bid adieu to Shandy Hall till the beginning of October—which, by-the-bye, is one of the fineſt months in the year in this part of the kingdom—this is added, by the way, to induce you to return to me at that time: if you cannot, let me know where you are to be the beginning of the following month, and the wheels of my chariot ſhall roll rapidly towards you.

I have not been quite idle ſince you left me, but, amidſt a thouſand impediments, have

have ſnatched one volume more for a gouty and a ſplenetic world. I ſuppoſe this will overtake you at the Hot-wells, as you are walking a ſentimental foot-pace beſide ſome phthiſical nymph of the fountain —if ſo—protect and cheriſh her whoſoever ſhe be; and tell her, that ſhe has *Triſtram Shandy*'s wiſhes for her recovery and happineſs.—Had I lived in days of yore, when virtue and ſentiment bore a price, I ſhould have been the moſt peerleſs knight of them all!—Some tender-hearted damſel in diſtreſs would ever have been my object:—to wipe away the tears from off the cheek of ſuch a friendleſs fair one, I would go to *Mecca*—and for a friend—to the end of the world.——

In this laſt ſentiment my beſt friend was uppermoſt in my thoughts!

But wherefore do I think of arms and *Dulcineas*,——when, alas, my ſpear is grown ruſty, and is fit only to be hung in the

the old family-hall, among piſtols without *cocks*, and helmets that have loſt their vizard.

As for my health, which you ſo kindly inquire after—I cannot brag of it—it is not ſo well with me this year as it was the laſt—and I fear I have little on my ſide but laughter and good ſpirits! Theſe have ſtood me in great ſtead for twenty years paſt, how long they may be able to keep the field, and prolong the combat—for at beſt it is but prolonging a conteſt which muſt at laſt end in their defeat—I know not!—Nevertheleſs, for the days that are paſt, as well as thoſe which are to come, I will eat my bread in peace: and be it but bread and water, and I have ſuch a friend as you, I will find a way, ſome how or other, to make merry over it.

Adieu,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER V.

To * * * * * * * *

—THE firſt time I have dipped my pen into the inkhorn is to write to you—and to thank you moſt ſincerely for your kind epiſtle!—will this be a ſufficient apology for my letting it lay ten days upon the table without anſwering it?—I truſt it will;—I am ſure my own feelings tell me ſo—becauſe I feel it to be impoſſible for me to do any thing that is ungracious towards you. It is not every hour, or day, or week, in a man's life, that is a fit ſeaſon for the duties of friendſhip:—ſentiment is not always at hand—folly and pride, and what is called buſineſs, oftentimes

times keep it at a diſtance: and without ſentiment, what is friendſhip?—a name!—a ſhadow!—But, to prevent a miſapplication of all this, though why ſhould I fear it from ſo kind and gentle a ſpirit as yours? you muſt know, that by the careleſſneſs of my curate, or his wife, or his maid, or ſome one within his gates, the parſonage-houſe at——was, about a fortnight ago, burnt to the ground, with the furniture which belonged to me, and a pretty good collection of books—the loſs about three hundred and fifty pounds.—The poor man, with his wife, took the wings of the next morning and fled away.—This has given me real vexation—for ſo much was my pity and eſteem for him, that as ſoon as I heard of the diſaſter, I ſent to deſire he would come and take his abode with me, till another habitation was ready to receive him—but he was gone; and, as I am told, for fear of my perſe-

perſecution—Heavens! how little did he know me, to ſuppoſe that I was among the number of thoſe wretches, who heap misfortune on misfortune—and when the load is almoſt inſupportable ſtill add to the weight.——God, who reads my heart, knows it to be true, that I wiſh rather to ſhare than to increaſe the burden of the miſerable—to dry up inſtead of adding a ſingle drop to the ſtream of ſorrow.—As to the dirty traſh of this world, I regard it not; the loſs of it does not coſt me a ſigh—for, after all, I may ſay with the Spaniſh Captain, that I am as good a gentleman as the King, only not quite ſo rich.—But to the point.——

Shall I expect you here this ſummer? I much wiſh that you may make it convenient to gratify me in a viſit for a few weeks. I will give you a roaſt fowl for your dinner, and a clean table-cloth every day;

day; and tell you a ſtory by way of deſert.—In the heat of the day we will ſit in the ſhade; and in the evening the faireſt of all the milk-maids, who paſs by my gate, ſhall weave a garland for you.

If I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as not to ſee you here, do, contrive to meet me the beginning of October—I ſhall ſtay here about a fortnight, and then ſeek a kinder climate.——This plague cough of mine ſeems to gain ground, and will bring me at laſt to my grave, in ſpite of all I can do; but while I have ſtrength to run away from it I will!—I have been wreſtling with it for theſe twenty years paſt; and what with laughter and good ſpirits have prevented its giving me a fall; but my antagoniſt preſſes me cloſer than ever, and I have nothing left on my ſide but another journey abroad!—apropos,—are you for a ſcheme of that ſort?—If not—

perhaps

perhaps you will accompany me as far as Dover, that we may laugh together upon the beach, to put Neptune in good humour, before I embark.—God bleſs you——

Adieu,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

and delighted me, become a clod of the valley!—Here, my *Cordelia*, I will weed clean thy grave—I will ſtretch myſelf upon it—will wet it with tears—and the traveller ſhall not turn aſide to obſerve me.——

But whither am I led? Do, my kind friend, excuſe the wanderings of my pen; it governs me, I govern not it—Farewel; and receive the warmeſt affection of,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To * * * * * * * *

—I Fear, that ere this, you may have oftentimes accuſed me of negligence, in not anſwering your laſt letters; but you addreſſed them to me in London, and I was dying in the country.—I have been more ſorely afflicted this laſt time than I ever was before: had I followed the advice of the faculty, it had been over with me; and, contrary to their opinion, I ventured to order myſelf a ſtout bleeding;—this, in all probability, ſaved me; for how long, God only knows!—I am ſtill weak, and can hardly make myſelf heard acroſs my table.—My ſpirits, the beſt friends I ever had in this world, ſtuck cloſe by me in this laſt conflict; by their

kind aſſiſtance I have been able to bear the heavy load of life, and walk ſo merrily along the wilderneſs of this world:—thanks to them I have been able to whiſtle and ſing in its moſt uncheery paths!—As it has pleaſed heaven to let them accompany me thus far on my journey, I hope and truſt they will not be ſuffered to leave me now that I am almoſt at the end of it.—I know and feel, my friend, that this laſt ſentiment will give you pain!—this, believe me, is moſt foreign to my wiſhes; but I always write from my heart—and ſuppoſing it to be my practice to cheat the world, I have ever conſidered the character of a friend too reſpectable to make the ſport of an idle imagination. To deceive is a baſe trade at beſt;—but to deceive thoſe we love and value, is a folly ſo totally inexcuſable, that I defy all the arts of ſophiſtry to frame an argument in its favour.—When I open my heart—I ſhew all

its

its follies—its caprices—its wantonneſs—its virtues are all expoſed to view; and though by this means I lay myſelf open to the illiberal and the ill-natured, who are ever ready to ſeize the opportunity of gratifying their dirty paſſions;—and withal are ſo numerous, that hypocriſy, with reſpect to them, is accounted a virtue.—*But I ſhew all!*—this may be imprudent—and I am told by ſome ſentimental prudes—that it is indecent;—if ſo, let them put their fans before their faces, or walk on the other ſide of the way.—Diſguiſe is the faſhion; and the man who does not uſe it, is called a Libertine:—for my part—I hate a maſk, and will never wear one! I am not aſhamed of my failings, while I feel that I have ſome little ſtock of virtue to counterbalance them.——The man who hides nothing, who varniſhes nothing, when applauſe, when honour comes, and come it muſt to ſuch, finds no buſy ſome-

thing in his breaſt that gives the lie to it. —'Tis his own,—and his heart will anſwer it.—Of all ſycophants, ſcourge me thoſe who flatter themſelves!—He who ſpeaks peace to himſelf, when there is no peace, is acting a part he cannot long ſupport—the ſcene cloſes—the curtain drops —and he is himſelf again. The follies, the errors of mankind, I ſincerely forgive, as I hope to be forgiven;—and when a man is mounted on his hobby-horſe, let him amble or trot, or gallop, ſo he will be quiet, and not let his heart do miſchief —God ſpeed him!—And if I feel an inclination to put on my fool's cap, and jingle the bells for two or three hours of the four-and-twenty—or the whole twenty-four hours together—what is that to any one?—O, Sir, you will be called trifling, fooliſh, &c. &c.—with all my heart!—Pray, good folks, fall on—never ſpare! —Fair ladies, have you got your bellies full?

full?—if ſo, much good may it do you!—But, Sir, we muſt prove you to be a rogue, a raſcal, an hypocrite.—Alas! I have nothing to give you but my fool's cap and my hobby-horſe—if they are not ſufficient, I muſt beg leave to recommend you to that pale-faced, ſolemn, ſtiff-ſtarched figure who is this moment entering that church; fall upon him!—and for once in your lives, perhaps, you may hit the mark.

I fear, my good friend, you will begin to think, that however my ſpeaking faculties are obſtructed, that one of writing ſtill remains free and large—but here is the grief—It is but writing!—My pen is a leaden one, and it is with ſome difficulty I trail it on to aſſure you of my being moſt cordially,

Yours,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

To * * * * * * * * *

I Have not been a furlong from Shandy-hall ſince I wrote to you laſt—but why is my pen ſo perverſe? I have been to ****, and my errand was of ſo peculiar a nature, that I muſt give you an account of it.—You will ſcarce believe me, when I tell you, it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft, and all its power, to defiance; and to obtain juſtice from one—who has a heart foul enough to take advantage of the miſtakes of honeſt ſimplicity, and who has raiſed a conſiderable fortune by artifice and injuſtice. However, I gained my point!—It was a ſtar and garter to me!—the matter was as follows:——

"A poor

"A poor man, the father of my Veſtal, "having, by the ſweat of his brow, dur- "ing a courſe of many laborious years, "ſaved a ſmall ſum of money, applied to "this ſcribe to put it out to uſe for him: "this was done, and a bond given for the "money.—The honeſt man, having no "place in his cottage which he thought "ſufficiently ſecure, put it in a hole in the "thatch, which had ſerved inſtead of a "ſtrong box, to keep his money.—In this "ſituation the bond remained till the time "of receiving his intereſt drew nigh.— "But, alas!—the rain which had done no "miſchief to his gold, had found out his "paper ſecurity, and had rotted it to pie- "ces!"—It would be a difficult matter to paint the diſtreſs of the old countryman upon this diſcovery;—he came to me weeping, and begging my advice and aſ- ſiſtance!—it cut me to the heart!

Frame

Frame to yourſelf the picture of a man upwards of ſixty years of age—who having with much penury and more toil, with the addition of a ſmall legacy, ſcraped together about fourſcore pounds to ſupport him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he ſhould be dead and gone—loſt his little hoard at once; and to aggravate his misfortune, through his own neglect and incaution.—"If I was young, Sir, ſaid he; "my affliction would have been light— "and I might have obtained it again!—but "I have loſt my comfort when I moſt "wanted it!—My ſtaff is taken from me "when I cannot go alone; and I have no- "thing to expect, in future life, but the "unwilling charity of a Pariſh-Officer."—Never, in my whole life, did I wiſh to be rich, with ſo good a grace, as at this time!—What a luxury it would have been to have ſaid, to this afflicted fellow-creature,

ture,——"There is thy money—go thy "ways—and be at peace,"—But, alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and I, the pooreſt of them all, could only aſſiſt him with good counſel:—but I did not ſtop here.—I went myſelf with him to *******, where by perſuaſion, threats, and ſome art, which, by-the-bye, in ſuch a cauſe, and with ſuch an opponent, was very juſtifiable—I ſent my poor client back to his home, with his comfort and his bond reſtored to him.—Bravo!—Bravo!——

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing,—it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any baſe intereſt lurking at the bottom of it.—Adieu—Adieu——

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. V———.

OF the two bad caſſocs, fair lady, which I am worth in the world, I would this moment freely give the latter of them to find out by what irreſiſtable force of magic it is, that I am influenced to write a letter to you upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance.—Short—did I ſay?—I unſay it again—I have been acquainted with Mrs. V—— this long and many a day: for, ſurely, the moſt penetrating of her ſex need not be told, that intercourſes of this kind are not to be dated by hours, days, or months —but by the ſlow or rapid progreſs of our intimacies, which are meaſured only by the degrees of penetration by which we diſcover

diſcover characters at once—or by the openneſs and frankneſs of heart which lets the obſerver into it without the pains of reflection: either of theſe ſpares us what a ſhort life could ill afford—and that is the long and unconſcionable time in forming connections, which had much better be ſpent in taſting the ſweets of them.—Now of this frame and contexture is the fair Mrs. V—— ; her character is to be read at once—I ſaw it before I had walked twenty paces beſide her—I believe, in my conſcience, dear lady, if truth was known, *that you have no inſide at all.*

. . . . . .

That you are graceful, elegant, and deſirable, &c. &c.—every common beholder who can ſtare at you, as a Dutch boor does at the Queen of Sheba,—can eaſily find out—but that you are ſenſible, gentle and tender, and from one end to the other of you full of the ſweeteſt tones

and

and modulations, requires a deeper reſearch.—You are a ſyſtem of harmonic vibrations—the ſofteſt and beſt attuned of all inſtruments.—Lord! I would give away my other caſſoc to touch you—But in giving my laſt rag of prieſthood for that pleaſure, I ſhould be left naked—to ſay nothing of being quite *diſordered*—ſo divine a hand as your's would preſently put me into *orders* again—but if you ſuppoſe this would leave me as you found me, believe me, dear Mrs. V——, you are much miſtaken,—All this being duly put together, pray, dear lady, let me aſk you, What buſineſs you had to come here from ——————? or, to ſpeak more to the purpoſe, what buſineſs have you to return back again?—The deuce take you with your muſical and other powers; could nothing ſerve you, but you muſt turn *Triſtram Shandy*'s head, as if it was not turned enough already—as for your turning

ing my heart—I forgive you, as you have been ſo good as to turn it towards ſo excellent and heavenly an object.——

Now, dear Mrs. V——, if you can help it, do not think of *yourſelf*—

But believe me to be,

With the higheſt eſteem

For your character and ſelf,

Your's,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER X.

To * * * * * * * * *

I Snatch half an hour, while my dinner is getting ready, to tell you I am thus far on my way to Shandy-hall:—two more ſtages and I ſhall be at the end of a tedious journey.—Report, for the fourth time, has numbered me with the dead;—and it was generally believed in this part of the world, that my bones were laid in claſſic ground. —This I do not much wonder at—for, to make the beſt of it, my conſtitution is but a ſcurvy one, and to keep the machine a going a little longer, has been the only motive for my running away from my friends and my country ſo much as I have done of late;—though weak as it is, it has

ſome

ſome how or other weathered more ſtorms than many a ſtouter one has been able to do:—could I but transform myſelf into a bird of paſſage, and go and come with the ſummer—I think I ſhould give the lie to a few more reports of this nature—before I am called in good earneſt to make a report of myſelf and all my actions to the Being who made me.

The book of engravings, which I left with you, I muſt recommend to your care for a few weeks longer:—nay,—if you think they are worthy your acceptance—keep them for ever!—for to tell you the truth, I have now no occaſion for them:—this is rather an ungracious way of making an offering, but you will excuſe me when I tell you,—that the dear young lady, at whoſe feet I intended to lay them down,—and for whoſe ſake I had preſerved them with ſo much care, is gone

to that country from whence no one returns.—Genius,—wit,—beauty,—goodneſs,—all, all were united in her!—Every virtue,—every grace!—I could write for ever on ſuch a theme—but I muſt have done.

Surely the pleaſures which ariſe from contemplating ſuch characters,—embracing the urn which contains their aſhes,—and ſhedding the tears of friendſhip over it—are far, far ſuperior to the higheſt joys of ſenſe,—or ſenſuality.

If you do not like the laſt word,—I pray you be ſo kind as to ſcratch it out;—for that is a liberty I have never yet ventured to take myſelf with any thing I write.

Adieu,—adieu—

Yours moſt truly,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

ET-

LETTER XI.

To * * * * * * * *

——I Beheld her tender look—her pathetic eye petrified my fluids—the liquid deſolution drowned thoſe once-bright orbs—the late ſympathetic features, ſo pleaſing in their harmony, are now blaſted—withered—and are dead;—her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity.—Yes—my friend—our once ſprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very object that muſt thrill your ſoul.—How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cauſe—the fatal cauſe of overwhelming the ſpotleſs ſoul and plunging the yet-untainted mind into a ſea of ſorrow and repentance—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the

part of a Demon?—firſt alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory—when villany gets the aſcendency it ſeldom leaves the wretch 'till it has thoroughly polluted him——T*******, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagances, by a deep-laid ſcheme, ſo far ingratiated himſelf into the good graces of the old man—that even he, with all his penetration and experience, of which old folks generally pique themſelves, could not perceive his drift, and, like the goodneſs of his own heart, believed him honourable:—had I known his pretenſions—I would have flown on the wings of friendſhip—of regard—of affection—and reſcued the lovely innocent from the hands of the ſpoiler:—be not alarmed at my declaration—I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection;—but it is of a more delicate ſtamp, than the groſs materials nature has planted in us for procrea-

tion

tion—I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence and love her ſtill:—I would love the whole ſex were they equally deſerving.

. . . . . .

————taking her by the hand—the other thrown round her waiſt—after an intimacy allowing ſuch freedoms—with a look deceitfully pleaſing, the villain poured out a torrent of proteſtations—and though oaths are ſacred—ſwore, with all the fortitude of a conſcientious man—the depth of his love—the height of his eſteem—the ſtrength of his attachment;—by theſe, and other artful means to anſwer his abandoned purpoſe, for which you know he is but too-well qualified,—gained on the open inexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of her brighteſt jewel.—Oh, England! where are your ſenators?—where are your laws?—Ye Heavens! where reſts your deadly thunder?—why are your bolts reſtrained from o'er-

whelming with vengeance this vile ſeducer.——I,—my friend,—I, was the miniſter ſent by juſtice to revenge her wrongs—revenge—I diſclaim it—to redreſs her wrongs.—The news of affliction flies—I heard it, and poſted to ****, where forgetting my character—this is the ſtile of the enthuſiaſt—it moſt became my character—I ſaw him in his retreat—I flew out of the chaiſe—caught him by the collar—and in a tumult of paſſion—demanded:—ſure, if anger is excuſable, it muſt be when it is exerted by a deteſtation of vice.—I demanded him to reſtore:—alas! what was not in his power to return—Vengeance!—and ſhall theſe vermin—theſe ſpoilers of the fair—theſe murderers of the mind—lurk and creep about in dens, ſecure to themſelves and pillage all around them?—Diſtracted with my rage—I charged him with his crime—exploded his baſeneſs—condemned his villany—while coward

ward guilt ſat on his ſullen brow, and, like a criminal conſcious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear.—He hoped means might be found for a ſufficient atonement—offered a tender of his hand as a ſatisfaction, and a life devoted to her ſervice as a recompence for his error.—His humiliation ſtruck me—'twas the only means he could have contrived to aſſuage my anger.——I heſitated—pauſed—thought—and ſtill muſt think on ſo important a concern:—aſſiſt me—I am half afraid of truſting my Harriot in the hands of a man, whoſe character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot's.—He all fire and diſſipation;—ſhe all meekneſs and ſentiment!—nor can I think there is any hopes of reformation;—the offer proceeds more from ſurpriſe or fear, than juſtice and ſincerity.—The world—the world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a caſt-off from ſociety—Let her—I had rather ſee her thus,

than miſerably linked for life to a lump of vice—She ſhall retire to ſome corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in ſorrow—forgetting the wretch who has abuſed her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who conſoles her in retirement.—You, my dear Charles, ſhall bear a part with me in the delightful taſk of whiſpering "peace to "thoſe who are in trouble, and healing "the broken in ſpirit."

Adieu,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To * * * * * * * *

SIR!

I Feel the weight of obligation which your friendſhip has laid upon me, and if it ſhould never be in my power to make you a recompence, I hope you will be recompenſed at the "Reſurrection of the "juſt."—I hope, Sir, we ſhall both be found in that catalogue;—and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith, even "Againſt hope."—I think there is, at leaſt, as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the "Heaven "where we would be," as there was of the old Patriarch's having a child by his old wife.—There is not any perſon living

or

or dead, whom I have ſo ſtrong a deſire to ſee and converſe with as yourſelf:—indeed I have no inclination to viſit, or ſay a ſyllable to but a few perſons in this lower vale of vanity and tears beſides you;—but I often derive a peculiar ſatisfaction in converſing with the ancient and modern dead,—who yet live and ſpeak excellently in their works.—My neighbours think *often alone*,—and yet at ſuch times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes—each of whom, at my pleaſure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb ſigns—quite as intelligibly as any perſon living can do by *uttering* of words.—They always keep the diſtance from me which I direct,—and, with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I pleaſe.—I lay hands on fifty of them ſometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like:—they never complain of ill-uſage,—and when diſmiſſed from my preſence,—though

ever

ever ſo abruptly—take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed—nor ſuch liberty to be taken—with the living:—we are bound—in point of good-manners to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance, and diſpenſe with all the nonſenſe or impertinence which they broach 'till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently oppoſing their ſentiments without exciting their diſguſt, and being in danger of their ſplenetic repreſentation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the *many*,—who though quick of hearing—are ſo "Slow of heart to believe"—propoſitions which are next to ſelf-evident;—you and I were not caſt in *one mould*,—corporal compariſon will atteſt it,—and yet we are faſhioned ſo much alike, that we may paſs for twins:—were it poſſible to take an inventory

ventory of all our ſentiments and feelings —juſt and unjuſt—holy and impure—there would appear as little difference between them as there is between inſtinct and reaſon; —or—wit and madneſs, the barriers which ſeparate theſe—like the real eſſence of bodies—eſcape the piercing eye of metaphyſicks, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a ſtrait line, which is ſaid to have length without breadth.——O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to inſtruct other aggregates! be as candid as the ſage whom ye pretend to revere—and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!

————I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different ſubjects—my mountain will be in labour 'till I ſee you—and then —what then?—why you muſt expect to ſee it bring forth—a mouſe.—I therefore beſeech you to have a watchful eye to the cats;

cats;—but it is ſaid that mice were deſigned to be killed by cats.—Cats to be worried by dogs, &c. &c.—This may be true—and I think I am made to be killed by my cough,—which is a perpetual plague to me; what, in the name of ſound lungs, has my cough to do with you—or—you with my cough?

I am, Sir, with the moſt

Perfect affection and eſteem,

Your humble Servant,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To * * * * * * * * *

IN my laſt, for want of ſomething better to write about, I told you what a world of ſending and proving we have had of late, in this little * village of ours, about an old caſt-off pair of black pluſh-breeches, which † *John*, our pariſh clerk, about ten years ago, it ſeems, had made a promiſe of to one *Trim* ††, who is our ſexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occaſions to know a good deal of the ſhifty behaviour of the ſaid maſter *Trim*—and that you are aſtoniſhed, nor can you for your ſoul conceive, how ſo worth-

* York. † Dr. Fount—n, Dean of York.
†† Dr. T—ph-m.

worthleſs a fellow, and ſo worthleſs a thing into the bargain, could become the occaſion of ſo much racket as I have repreſented.——

Now, though you do not ſay expreſſly, you could wiſh to hear any more about it, yet I ſee plainly enough I have raiſed your curioſity, and therefore, from the ſame motive that I ſlightly mentioned it at all in my laſt letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumſtantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I muſt firſt ſet you right in one very material point, in which I have miſled you, as to the true cauſe of all this uproar amongſt us—which does not take its riſe, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its riſe from it.—To underſtand which you muſt know, that

the

the firſt beginning of the ſquabble was not between *John* the pariſh-clerk and *Trim* the ſexton, but betwixt the * parſon of the pariſh and the ſaid maſter *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had ſet his heart upon; and nothing would ſerve *Trim* but he muſt take it home in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himſelf againſt winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he moſt humbly begged his reverence would conſent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have ſo often felt it, that a principle of ſtrong compaſſion tranſports a generous mind ſometimes beyond what is ſtrictly right;—the parſon was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime—for no ſooner did the diſtinct words—*petticoat*

—*poor*

* Apb. H—tt—n.

—*poor wife—warm—winter*, ſtrike upon his ear—but his heart warmed—and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition, being a gentleman of a frank open temper, he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and ſoul.—But, *Trim*, ſays he, as you ſee I am but juſt got down to my living, and am an utter ſtranger to all pariſh matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never ſeen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for ſuch a purpoſe, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to beſtow upon you or not—you muſt have a week or ten days patience, till I can make ſome inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you repreſent it.

It is neceſſary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parſon was earneſtly bent to ſerve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generoſity, which I have juſtly aſcribed to him, but likewiſe from another motive, and that was by making ſome ſort of recompence for a multitude of ſmall ſervices which *Trim* had occaſionally done, and indeed was continually doing, as he was much about the houſe, when his own man was out of the way.—For all theſe reaſons together, I ſay, the parſon of the pariſh intended to ſerve *Trim* in this matter to the utmoſt of his power. All that was wanting, was previouſly to inquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raiſe a clamour in the pariſh. Theſe inquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart—he knew very well, that, if the parſon ſhould but

ſay

ſay one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and ſome other reaſons not neceſſary to be told you at preſent, *Trim* was for allowing no time in this matter—but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-houſe—plagued the whole family to death—preſt his ſuit morning, noon, and night; and, to ſhorten my ſtory, teaſed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill ſtate of health, almoſt out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the ſide of maſter *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the ſide of the parſon, and that was a ſuſpicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening ſitting alone in his ſtudy, weighing and turning this doubt

every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's ſerious deliberation upon the affair, and running over *Trim*'s behaviour throughout—he was juſt ſaying to himſelf —*it muſt be ſo*—when a ſudden rap at the door put an end to his ſoliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himſelf paſt his fifty-ſecond year, had been returned by the conſtables in the militia liſt—and he had come with a groat in his hand to ſearch the pariſh-regiſter for his age. The parſon bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then ſhutting the ſtudy door, and taking down the pariſh regiſter—*who knows*, ſays he, *but I may find ſomething here about this ſelfſame watch-coat?* He had ſcarce unclaſped the book, in ſaying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the firſt page, paſted to the inſide of one of the covers, whereon

was

was a memorandum about the very thing in queſtion in theſe expreſs words—*Memorandum.* "The great watch-coat was "purchaſed and given, above two hundred "years ago, by the lord of the manor to "this pariſh church, to the ſole uſe and "behoof of the poor ſexton thereof, and "their ſucceſſors for ever, to be worn by "them reſpectively in winterly cold nights "in ringing *complines*, *paſſing bells*, *&c.* "which the ſaid lord of the manor had "done in piety to keep the poor wretches "warm, and for the good of his own "ſoul, for which they were directed to "pray, &c." *Juſt heaven!* ſaid the parſon to himſelf looking upwards, *what an eſcape have I had! give this for an underpetticoat to* Trim's *wife! I would not have conſented to ſuch a deſecration to be Primate of all* England—*nay, I would not have diſturbed a ſingle button of it for all my tithes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops *Trim* with the whole ſubject of the exclamation under both his arms—I ſay under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had juſt ſtepped in, in high ſpirits, to ſhow the parſon how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good ſimilies ſubſiſting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a ſtrong conception of the aſtoniſhment and honeſt indignation which this unexpected ſtroke of *Trim*'s impudence impreſſed upon the parſon's looks—let it ſuffice to ſay, that it exceeded all fair deſcription—as well as all power of proper reſentment——except this, that *Trim* was ordered, in a ſtern voice, to lay

lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his buſineſs, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven preciſely.—Againſt this hour, like a wiſe man, the parſon had ſent to deſire *John* the pariſh clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the townſhip, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was ſuch a one of whom it might be ſaid, that he rather did honour to his office than that his office did honour to him—him he ſends for with the church-wardens, and one of the ſideſmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be preſent—for, as *Trim* had withheld the whole truth from the parſon touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the ſame thing to others. Tho' this, I ſaid, was wiſe, the trouble of the precaution might have been ſpared—becauſe

the parſon's character was unblemiſhed—and he had ever been held by the world in the eſtimation of a man of honour and integrity.—*Trim*'s character on the contrary was as well known, if not in the world at leaſt in all the pariſh, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettyfogging, ambidextrous fellow—who neither cared what he did or ſaid of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I ſaid, have made any precaution needleſs—but you muſt know, as the parſon had in a manner but juſt got down to his living; he dreaded the conſequences of the leaſt ill impreſſion on his firſt entrance among his pariſhioners, which would have diſabled him from doing them the good he wiſhed—ſo that out of regard to his flock, more than the neceſſary care due to himſelf—he was reſolved not to lie at the mercy of what reſentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.—

Ac-

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearſed, from firſt to laſt, by the parſon, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of *John* the pariſh clerk, and in the preſence of *Trim*.

Trim had little to ſay for himſelf, except "that the parſon had abſolutely promiſed to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmoſt of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might ſtill give it him if he pleaſed."

To this the parſon's reply was ſhort, but ſtrong, "That nothing was in his *power* to do but what he could do *honeſtly* —that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he ſhould do a manifeſt wrong to the *next* ſexton, the great watch-coat being the moſt comfortable part of the place— that he ſhould moreover injure the right

of his own ſucceſſor, who would be juſt ſo much a worſe patron as the worth of the coat amounted to, and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promiſing that coat was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man—that was a reſerve, he ſaid, made in all caſes of this kind: and he declared ſolemnly, *in verbo ſacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was ſo underſtood by *Trim* himſelf."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good ſenſe and ſtrong reaſon which accompanied all the parſon ſaid on the ſubject—poor *Trim* was driven to his laſt ſhift—and begged he might be ſuffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promiſe*, at leaſt by *ſervitude*—it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon theſe ſcores: that he had black'd the parſon's ſhoes without count, and greaſed his boots above fifty times—

that

that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occaſions—whetted the knives at all hours—catched his horſe, and rubbed him down—that, for his wife, ſhe had been ready upon all occaſions to char for them; and neither he nor ſhe, to the beſt of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale.—To this account of his ſervices, he begged leave to add thoſe of his wiſhes, which, he ſaid, had been equally great—he affirmed, and was ready he ſaid, to make it appear, by a number of witneſſes, "he had drank his reverence's health a thouſand times, by the bye he did not add out of the parſon's own ale,—that he had not only drank his health but wiſhed it, and never came to the houſe but aſked his man kindly how he did; that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to aſk a cunning woman what was good to ſtaunch blood,

lets the parſon alone, and to revenge himſelf falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I—rips up the promiſe of the old—caſt—pair of black—pluſh—breeches; and raiſes an uproar in the town about it, notwithſtanding it had ſlept ten years—but all this, you muſt know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful ſtroke of generalſhip in *Trim* to raiſe a duſt, and cover himſelf under the diſgraceful chaſtiſement he has undergone.——

If your curioſity is not yet ſatisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the ſame exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.——

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed pariſh-clerk of this church, this ſaid *Trim* took no ſmall pains to get into *John*'s good graces,

graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promiſe out of him of a pair of breeches, which *John* had then by him, of black pluſh, not much the worſe for wearing—*Trim* only begged, for God's ſake, to have them beſtowed upon him when *John* ſhould think fit to caſt them.—

Trim was one of thoſe kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's than the beſt plain whole thing his wife could ſpin him.

John, who was naturally unſuſpicious, made no more difficulty of promiſing the breeches than the parſon had done in promiſing the great coat; and indeed with ſomething leſs reſerve—becauſe the breeches were *John*'s *own*, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It

It happened, I was going to ſay unluckily, but I ſhould rather ſay moſt luckily, for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about ſome ſix or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the late* parſon of the pariſh and *John* the clerk. Somebody, and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*, had put it into the parſon's head, "that *John*'s deſk in the church was at the leaſt four inches higher than it ſhould be—that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inaſmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parſon's deſk itſelf."—This hardſhip the parſon complained of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer—and would have it altered, and brought down as it ſhould be." *John* made no other reply, but "that the deſk was not of his raiſing:—that 'twas not one hair breadth higher than he found it—and that as he found it ſo he would leave

leave it.—In ſhort, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he ſuffer one."—The * *late* parſon might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility*—ſo that *John*'s ſtiffneſs in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was *Trim*'s harveſt.

After a friendly hint to *John* to ſtand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage.—What paſſed there I will not ſay, intending not to be uncharitable; ſo ſhall content myſelf with only gueſſing at it from the ſudden change that appeared in *Trim*'s dreſs for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the ſtable, and was come forth ſtrutting acroſs the church-yard, yclad in a good charitable caſt coat, large hat, and wig, which the parſon had juſt given him.—Ho! ho! hollo! *John*, cries *Trim*, in

* Abp. H—rr—g.

in an inſolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl—ſee here, my lad, how fine I am.—The more ſhame for you, anſwered *John* ſeriouſly—Do you think, *Trim*, ſays he, ſuch finery, gained by ſuch ſervices, becomes you, or can wear well? ——Fy upon it, *Trim*, I could not have expected this from you, conſidering what friendſhip you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many ſhillings, and ſixpences, I have generouſly lent you in your diſtreſſes.—Nay, it was but the other day that I promiſed you theſe black pluſh breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim*, for *Trim*'s brain was half turn'd with his new finery, rot your breeches, ſays he—I would not take them up were they laid at my door—give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parſon's any day in the week.—*John* told him plainly,

as

as his word had once paſſed him, he had a ſpirit above taking advantage of his inſolence in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got ſo many favours of that kind, and was ſo likely to get many more for the ſame ſervices, of the parſon, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to ſome one who would be more thankful for them.

Here *John* mentioned **Mark Slender*, who it ſeems the day before had aſked *John* for them, not knowing they were under promiſe to *Trim*—"Come, *Trim*, ſays he, let poor *Mark* have them—you know he has not a pair to his a—, beſides, you ſee he is juſt of my ſize, and they will fit to a T, whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much, and beſides, you could not get your backſide into them, if you had them, without

* Dr. Braith—t.

tearing them all to pieces."—Every tittle of this was moſt undoubtedly true, for *Trim*, you muſt know, by foul feeding, and playing the good-fellow at the parſon's, was grown ſomewhat groſs about the lower parts, *if not higher;* ſo that, as all *John* ſaid upon the occaſion was fact, *Trim* with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at laſt, out of mere compaſſion to *Mark*, *ſigns*, *ſeals*, *and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN, AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION.—All this renunciation was ſet forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to *Mark*'s nakedneſs—but the ſecret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind the great green

pulpit-

pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cuſhion, which were that very year to be taken down—which, by the by, could he have wheedled *John* a ſecond time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loſs of the breeches ſeven fold.

Now, you muſt know, this pulpit-cloth and cuſhion were not in *John*'s gift, but in the church-wardens, &c. However, as I ſaid above, that *John* was a leading man in the pariſh, *Trim* knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but *John* had got a ſurfeit of him—ſo, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given, *John* having a great ſay in it, to * *William Doe*, who underſtood very well what uſe to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived to wear them but a ſhort time, and they got into the poſſeſſion of *Lorry*

 Slim,

* Mr. Birdm—e.

*Slim**, an unlucky wight, by whom they are ſtill worn—in truth, as you will gueſs, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him ſay what he will to the contrary, ſtill envies the *poſſeſſor* of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have theſe affairs ſlept quietly for near ten years—and would have ſlept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I ſaid, has ripped this ſquabble up afreſh; ſo that it was no longer ago than laſt week, that *Trim* met and inſulted *John* in the public town-way before a hundred people—tax'd him with the promiſe of the old caſt pair of black breeches, notwithſtanding *Trim*'s ſolemn renunciation—twitted him with the pulpit-cloth

* Lawrence Sterne.

cloth and velvet cuſhion—as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkſhip; adding, very inſolently, that he knew not ſo much as to give out a common pſalm in tune.

John contented himſelf by giving a plain anſwer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wreſtling with a chimney-ſweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightineſſes inſiſted upon having *Trim* tried upon the ſpot.——

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a ſecond time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parſon's.——

Trim, ſays one, are you not aſhamed of yourſelf to make all this rout and diſtur-

bance in the town, and ſet neighbours together by the ears, about an old—worn—out—pair of caſt—breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a caſt coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a ſhilling, but what you have ſnapped up like a greedy hound as you are.——

In the firſt place, are you not ſexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the waſhing and darning of the churchlinen, which brings you in thirteen ſhillings and fourpence; then you have ſix ſhillings and eightpence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Eaſter——the pounder's place, which is worth forty ſhillings a year, you have got that too—you are the bailiff, which the late parſon got you, which brings you in forty ſhillings more.

Beſides all this, you have ſix pounds a year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-

catcher

catcher to the parish. Aye, says the luckless wight above-mentioned, who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on, "you are not only mole-catcher, *Trim*, but you catch *STRAY CONIES* too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says *Trim*; blushing as red as scarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. *You catch conies!* says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

POST-

bours pity him, thinking the poor fellow cracked-brained, and that he actually believed what he ſaid.

After this *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a freſh diſpute about the reading-deſk, which I told you had occaſioned ſome ſmall diſpute between the *late* parſon and *John* ſome years ago.—This reading-deſk, as you will obſerve, was but an epiſode wove into the main ſtory by the bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great coat.*

However, *Trim* being at laſt driven out of theſe two citadels—he has ſeized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-deſk, with a view, as it ſeems, to take ſhelter behind it.

I cannot ſay but the man has fought it out obſtinately enough, and, had his cauſe been good, I ſhould have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of

the

the *great watch-coat*, you ſee he did not run away; no—he retreated behind the breeches; and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-deſk. To what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parſon's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long ſtand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parſon's horſe, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him: but, as the horſe is not eaſy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-deſk, he will make his laſt retreat in ſuch a manner, as, if poſſible, to gain the *cloſeſtool*, and defend himſelf behind it to the very laſt drop.

If *Trim* ſhould make this movement, by my advice he ſhould be left, beſide his citadel,

tadel, in full poſſeſſion of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himſelf till he is weary. Beſides, as *Trim* ſeems bent upon *purging* himſelf, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of ſpeculation—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of ſtand *Trim* has actually made behind the ſaid deſk: "Neighbours and townſmen all, I will be ſworn before my lord mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abuſed me worſe than a dog; for they told you that I play'd faſt and go looſe with the *late* parſon and him in that old diſpute of theirs about the *reading-deſk*, and that I made matters worſe between them and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn—

that

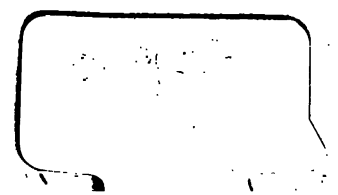
that he would be book-ſworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a ſtrong witneſs, and moreover inſinuated, that *John* himſelf, inſtead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him—Aye, *Trim*, ſays the wight in the pluſh-breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Beſides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knoweſt well that I both thanked thee myſelf, and moreover gave thee a good warm ſupper for turning *John Lund*'s cows and horſes out of my hard corn cloſe, which if thou hadſt not done, as thou toldſt me, I ſhould have loſt my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to teſtify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyſelf was the very man who ſet the gate open—and after all, it

was

was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the black-ſmith's poor lad who turned them out—ſo that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not ſuſtain this unexpected ſtroke—ſo *Trim* marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn ſounding, or any other enſigns of honour whatever.—Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a ſecond time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but *Trim* himſelf can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three ſeveral pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been ſo *trimm'd* as never diſaſtrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

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